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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

More than once I have had occasion to remark that the system of billeting preachers on the members of their denomination when they gather in Toronto for conference or convention, is a hardship which should be inflicted on no well organized home that is not wealthy enough to provide a spare room for itinerants. It will be noticed that Mr. Moody when he came here to engage in his revival work was not "put up" by any private family, but quartered himself at a leading hotel. The propriety of this must be evident to everyone. Mr. Moody and his wife did not purpose submitting themselves to the discipline of any family that might be willing to accept them as guests, for everyone knows that there is nothing so irritating and confining as the feeling that one's outgoings and incomings must be according to the ruling of somebody else. Admitting all this, however, the item that appears in the bill of expenses for the revival, \$250 for Mr. Moody and his wife at the Rossin House, marks the difference between the modern and the primitive revivalist. I find no fault at all with Mr. Moody living in a comfortable hotel. In this materialistic age, those of us who are perhaps half the year on the road allege that no hotel is too good for those who are forced to travel. Anyone who is deprived of the comforts of home for the larger portion of the year finds that nothing will take the place of the little things that we enjoy under our own roof. Yet it must be remembered that this idea and the money we spend in carrying it into effect are evidence of materialism of the grosser sort, and it becomes particularly noticeable when placed in contrast with high spiritual life and the crucifixion of the flesh. I doubt if St. Paul's hotel bill during the entire time of his ministry amounted to \$250, and I am quite certain that Christ had no hotel bill at all. I only mention these things in order to point out the difference between the habits of the primitive and modern man, and to invite the attention of the modern parson who insists upon the prevalence of primitive methods, to a very interesting and instructive subject. The old-fashioned, straight-laced preacher who pounds the Good Book in the lusty and noisy style of the past, and urges the old regulations, with no modifications to suit the century, should consider this hotel bill and wonder how the fishermen of Galilee would have felt had they been presented at the end of two or three weeks of spiritual revival with a bill for \$250 at the Royal Solomon Hotel at Jerusalem. Again I ask my readers not to misunderstand me: I thoroughly endorse Mr. Moody's method of doing good and of taking care of himself, and there is nothing at all out of the way in his bill, but there is a difference between the way he works and the way the spirit moved the people on the Day of Pentecost.

Mr. Moody has done a good work, he has gone away, and I think it is for the Ministerial Association to sit down and study his methods and divide up the results as so much accomplished by singing, and so much by preaching, and so much of the success of the whole affair as may be legitimately called religious disputation. A lady told me that she thought the Moody meetings were the loveliest things she ever saw, that she could go there and cry and have a good time, just the same as at a lovely play in the theater. There is something in this, and when one sees an item for the leading singers \$300—and they were well worth it—it is impossible to keep one's memory from turning back to the great waves of song led by these soloists; it almost made it impossible for one's soul to resist a surging about in the sea of repentance. Everything contributed to a beatific sense of comfort and safety if one could only be anchored by repentance and profession. I notice that Dean Jones at the Ministerial Association stated that on a previous occasion he had twenty cards introducing converts, and that out of these only two took the matter seriously after the wave had passed. To those believing with the revivalist, the saving of even two might be esteemed the most glorious work of the century. If we accept orthodoxy's idea of the frightful sufferings of the damned, and the snatching of two brands from the burning and the saving of them of millions and billions of years of torture is in itself such an engrossing, all-absorbing and magnificent rescue that neither tongue nor pen can describe the grandeur of the feat. That the clergy and the elect are not spending both nights and days in ensuring the complete safety of the fifteen hundred who "stood up," seems to me to indicate the absence of a living belief in the horrors of the other thing.

Am I to be blamed, a mere critic, spending my weeks in making passing comment on the ways of the world, if, remembering the toll some lives and dreadful deaths of the primitive preachers and early Christians, I almost laugh when scrutinizing the hotels bills of revivalists and the payments for song services to professional singers? It is certainly out of hang with the old methods, out of sympathy with the old ideas, and lacking in the spirituality and self-sacrifice and the looking up to God of the old prophets and teachers whose voices ring even yet "down the corridors of time." If we are to

have the religion of the prophets and the message of Christ delivered to us in thoroughly modern ways; if we are to hear these things in cushioned pews and with cushioned ideas, can those who are a little further advanced be blamed for believing that we might go to hear them in street cars instead of afoot, and that we might be permitted, if this modernized notion is right, to pattern our lives, not after the meek and lowly Nazarene, but after the well hoteled, and well groomed, and well fed Mr. Moody of 1894? If we do this much even, we will make the world better, and I urge that this is the easy thing which we are expected to do and at the least should do for society's sake. All I ask is that the modern preacher who accepts Mr. Moody as the owner of the modern voice of one crying in the wilderness will now be cautious in text and discourse in demanding the sacrifices of the fishermen, the tears of the Magdalene, the itinerancy of Paul, and when

conscience—he was always missing when the supreme moment of trial demanded his presence. That he should forsake the Irish party in its greatest crisis would be consequently astonishing to no Canadian. He who suffers long and is kind, he who places himself at the disposal of those who have a good cause and a just grievance, must live a life of self-sacrifice and forbearance. The world never did know how to treat a true reformer and a just man made perfect, and it seems to me important that early in life a patriot—not a politician—more than any other man should make it a rule to forget all but his cause. That this has not been the motive of the majority, indeed, that it has hardly ever been discovered to be the guiding star of the few, is perhaps sufficient to account for the failures which immortalize the careers of all but the little coterie which represent in history the exponents of great principles. That centuries have to be searched through and the almost forgotten

they stand, together with a number of other things which have no more inherent right to exemption than I have and the printing company for which I work.

In the past there have been three conspicuous features in the demagoguery of exemptions. The first and most seductive is the class appeal made to laboring men, clerks and those obtaining salaries less than seven hundred dollars per annum. The next was the tacit permission of rich men and millionaires to understate the amount of their income by thousands, perhaps millions of dollars. The third and most dangerous was the demagogic appeal to religious factions, couched in terms so obscure and with descriptions so remote from facts that Protestant churches could enjoy parks around their churches and cathedrals, and Catholic denominations obtain immunity for large tracts devoted, and I may say sincerely devoted, to religious work. Why

upon their full incomes the workmen will need no exemptions, because they will be to a greater extent tax-free than before. Yet it is preposterous to talk of taxing bank stocks and mortgages while exempting the small householder, the wage-earner whose gains are less than seven hundred dollars a year, from everything. This would simply leave the capitalist to pay rent, taxes, mortgages, light and gas and fire protection, while the occupant of the tenement would be taxed for nothing, and everything would be put in the rent. It would be absurd to suppose that this sort of thing would not adjust itself in the near future, or that the small householder would not finally be left to pay all these things, leaving the capitalist with a net income which would not be disturbed. In the interest of no party can the exemption system be continued. It was always wrong, unscriptural, a piece of bad politics, and socially a disturbing factor in all adjustments of what we should do and pay.

If all capitalists had to pay on everything that they had or earned, they would take a livelier interest in municipal politics, concern themselves in obtaining more businesslike methods, and there would be imported into the transactions which now purport to be public business a genuine interest and scrutiny which are now lacking. Moreover, there would be none of that shirking from the tasks of citizenship which distinguishes our present condition and threatens to destroy any efforts we may make towards re-organization. Anything that the Patrons, Ratepayers, the individuals of Ontario can accomplish which will mean the equalization of the burdens we bear and the dragging into the discussion of our business all important and neglected subjects, and the election of people who are fit to transact that business, cannot but be of inestimable value to the province and to every municipality which forms a part of it.

The investigation now in progress is divulging the existence in Toronto of a very peculiar and putrid condition of commercial morality. For years it has been suspected that aldermen were not always without guile, but no doubt there were many people who had no idea that contracts with the corporation were managed in the manner which has been in vogue. When we see aldermen reduced to the extremity of resigning and find men prominent religiously and socially admitting the use of money in order to obtain influence and contracts, we begin to wonder whom we can trust; in fact, people will be apt to rather nervously enquire if they can trust themselves. The general shaking up of public confidence may or may not do good. If the citizens of Toronto are satisfied with proving that a certain number of the trustees of the people are untrustworthy and tacitly settle down to the belief that, bad as they are, they are still as good as the average, great harm will have been done. If they re-elect to office men who have been distinctly besmirched, no other view can be taken of such conduct on the part of the elector than an endorsement of the methods which have been pursued. Furthermore, if they make no effort to obtain the services of wise and reliable business men, by common consent the office of alderman will be held as only fit for those who are tricky and unscrupulous. The opposite should be the case; the elector should select men who will do credit to the office. The difficulty no doubt will be to induce men who have business or reputation at stake to enter a municipal arena which has been disgraced by self-seekers and boodlers. A special effort should be made this year to rehabilitate the Council and to almost force the better class of business men to take an interest in our city politics. Business men cannot afford to permit the city's reputation to be damaged or its affairs to be administered by corrupt men. Yet even in the face of all that has been proven, I am afraid that the men who should interest themselves in bringing about a better order of things will be content with the vain imagining that a lesson has been taught to crooked contractors and venal aldermen. The lesson will amount to nothing unless we get different men and insist upon different methods.

The city made its grand mistake when it refused to elect E. B. Osler Mayor. Had he been in office we would have had a businesslike and strong administration of our affairs. He was defeated by a man whose friends claimed the position for him because the "mud of Cabbagetown had squirted through his toes when he ran barefooted on the streets." It was neither very polite nor in the nature of a strong recommendation to the chair of Chief Magistrate, but it was sufficient to capture votes, and one of the best organized and certainly one of the best-intentioned movements organized by business men was defeated. Probably in the face of all developments a similar movement would this year meet a similar fate. Those who are led by the good-natured impulse of electing needy neighbors to office must expect to be used as the stepping-stones of self-seekers and frauds. I do not know how it will be in the future, but in the past it has been enough to damn a man if the Board of Trade or those business associations composed of men who ought to know, if they do not know, how to transact public business, interfered in his behalf. The



A SYMPATHY.

speaking of the crucifixion of the unutterably lovely Christ, dwell more upon what He did and said than upon the mere doctrine of the Atonement. If they do this, it seems to me that they will find themselves less able to evade the paradox now presented by those who preach empty doctrines of sacrifice and try to inculcate the great lessons while wearing purple and fine linen and "taking it easy" themselves. Let us be consistent, even if we show ourselves content with the measure of sacrifice that can reasonably be demanded in this age of those whose natures revolt against taking up the cross and following Him in any conspicuous or long-suffering way. Let it be remembered also that the statement would not sound well in the mouth of any Christian man that the successful evangelist could make more money following some other profession, for was not Christ himself taken up into an exceedingly high hill and shown how He could own the whole earth if He sacrificed His ideal? What modern revivalist could do more? What one who really and intensely believes in all these beautiful things should do less?

One cannot view the career of Hon. Edward Blake without feeling sympathy for a man who in his best phases is superior to ordinary politics, in his ambitions is hungry for political prominence and in his everyday make-up is insufficient in sympathy, in fact and breadth to be anything but more or less of a failure. Hon. Edward Blake has had opportunities offered to but few men, yet his career has been one of distinguished failure. When leader of the Canadian Liberals—a position he achieved by neither magnetism nor a superlatively high order of

ages have to be gathered into line in order to find a little band of great men who have fought for principle while their contemporaries dived and perished for the sake of power. No one admits the right to impose a tax for Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Anglican or any other sect. If, then, there is no right to impose a tax, there is no right to provide for an exemption from tax, because one is equivalent to the other. If the Patrons of Industry and the Ratepayers' Association with a common idea of equalizing the assessments, of bringing everybody and their stocks and mortgages and bonds under the rule of so many mills on the dollar, intend to do something, let them apply themselves, without regard to any footsore appeal to labor, to assail capital if necessary; or, on the other hand, without cringing to arrogant capital, to tax the laborer. They must generally tackle as taxable factors everything upon which a levy should be made without regard to politics, religion or prejudice, and universally refuse to confound and confuse spirituality and temporal possessions. If non-exemption be the rule, let it be the rule, and I can say right now that I for one shall oppose any disturbance of the present law unless there be a complete cleaning up of the whole situation. The result otherwise outlined would simply be disastrous; any tinkering with capital while labor is being toyed with and so called religion is being chiefly considered, can result in nothing but an unsettling of our financial condition. If, however, the self-elected committee of reformers see fit to take hold of exemptions pure and simple because exemptions are wrong, I shall be glad to assist them by every means possible.

I understand that several or jointly the Ratepayers' Association of this city and the Patrons of Industry have agreed to submit to the Legislature a new assessment act, the details of which I do not intend to discuss. Discussion of an absurdity is always useless, and if I am correctly informed they intend to adhere to no principle, but simply to indulge in the demagoguery of framing a class measure intended to harass capital, without recognizing that there is only one basis upon which a new measure can be framed. In short, I am told that they are simply nibbling at the question of exemptions. The principle of exemptions is either right or wrong. If any exemption needs to be abolished in order to facilitate the work of the assessor and in justice to the community, all must be done away with. If the Ratepayers' Association or the Patrons of Industry, or a combination of both, approach the Legislature with a half-hearted bill, they will be kicked out of court, for let it be remembered that Sir Oliver Mowat has now a majority of one. What they must frame and present is an anti-exemption bill that means what its title expresses. Their present humor, I am told, is to exempt churches and the land upon which

should any class be appealed to in this matter? Either exemptions are improper and unduly burden the community, or we have a right to be assessed for religious purposes. No one admits the right to impose a tax for Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Anglican or any other sect. If, then, there is no right to impose a tax, there is no right to provide for an exemption from tax, because one is equivalent to the other. If the Patrons of Industry and the Ratepayers' Association with a common idea of equalizing the assessments, of bringing everybody and their stocks and mortgages and bonds under the rule of so many mills on the dollar, intend to do something, let them apply themselves, without regard to any footsore appeal to labor, to assail capital if necessary; or, on the other hand, without cringing to arrogant capital, to tax the laborer. They must generally tackle as taxable factors everything upon which a levy should be made without regard to politics, religion or prejudice, and universally refuse to confound and confuse spirituality and temporal possessions. If non-exemption be the rule, let it be the rule, and I can say right now that I for one shall oppose any disturbance of the present law unless there be a complete cleaning up of the whole situation. The result otherwise outlined would simply be disastrous; any tinkering with capital while labor is being toyed with and so called religion is being chiefly considered, can result in nothing but an unsettling of our financial condition. If, however, the self-elected committee of reformers see fit to take hold of exemptions pure and simple because exemptions are wrong, I shall be glad to assist them by every means possible.

I believe that if the wealthy were taxed

THREE PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENTS. THE BEST OF THE YEAR.

great cry has been to have men of the people. Presumably history will repeat itself.

The investigation so far has not disclosed very much of which the public were unaware. The charges have been more definitely made, but as far as the almost certain knowledge of the public is concerned there was no serious doubt of all these things many months ago. Consequently it will be useless for us to pretend to be horrified. Toronto the Good is being governed very badly, and it will continue to be governed in the same way as long as the men who govern it are chosen, not because of fitness for the position, but on the basis of good fellowship, lodge influence or sectarian prejudice. It might not be a bad plan to try a commission for a few years till we get affairs straightened up. Some of the weakest spots in the administration are likely to remain untouched. Unless we are to derive a very definite measure of good from this investigation, it might as well cease. If, however, the citizens seize upon the opportunity to insist upon the candidature and election of men who know how to do business and can be trusted to do it properly, the investigation and the expense and humiliation inflicted upon us will be an experience of incalculable value. Don.

Money Matters.

With regard to investors, I have very little to say this week, because the Stock Market is absolutely featureless. There have been a few ups and downs, but nothing worth speaking of, and the brokers cannot earn a commission. Referring to my notice about debentures.

The Beamsville Waterworks debentures were sold at a rate that will pay 4 1/2 per cent. per annum.

Harrison debentures were sold at a rate that will pay 4 1/2 per cent. per annum.

The Commissioners of the Niagara Falls park sold the balance—\$15,000—of their authorized issue of \$500,000 at a handsome premium. These are the choicest bonds in the province, because Ontario bonds stand highest in the market and they are a direct obligation of the Province of Ontario.

It may not be out of place to give the financial position of the province:

Total assessed value of property... \$815,000,000
Bonded debt, including this issue... 2,862,000
Tax rate... all
Population... 2,114,000
C. P. R. earnings for the week ending November 21, were \$460,000, being a decrease of \$39,000 as compared with the corresponding week of last year. This stock fell more than was expected but is now beginning to recover. ESAB.

Social and Personal.

"Beautiful Benvenuto" was the remark of many a charmed and appreciative guest on Wednesday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Jones were at home to a number of friends. The example of this host and hostess, of only asking at one time a sufficient number of guests to people without crowding their elegant salons, is worthy of consideration. It is much easier to ask everybody, and to trust that enough will be prevented from putting in an appearance to avoid suffocation of those present, but it takes a good deal of discretion and gives thrice the trouble to divide hospitality so that congenial people in reasonable numbers will have room to enjoy themselves. Benvenuto never looked more lovely, and never were host and hostess more kind and solicitous for the happiness of their guests than on the occasion above referred to. A capital dance programme was played by D'Alessandro's orchestra, the entrance hall and dining-room being cleared for dancing, and all about the charming mansion groups of guests chatted and promenaded between-whiles. Supper was served in the upper rooms and the arrangements were perfect. Several interesting strangers, whose conversation bristled with interest, were of the party. Mrs. French Sheldon, who was until Monday the guest of Mrs. Jones, and who returned from a lecturing engagement in Bradford to have a peep at Toronto in social attire, was *par excellence* the guest of honor. This lady, intrepid, intellectual and large-hearted, gives no sign of her indomitable will and courage as she sits in her rich gown and jewels and waves her ostrich fan, while a faint smile hovers over her lips at the questions of an entranced woman or interested man, who tries hard to realize that this is indeed the brave woman who penetrated the unknown ways of the dark continent. Mrs. Woodward of New York, who wore a lovely gown of pink satin, Miss Quinlan also in pink brocade with point lace and modish floating sashes of black and white ribbon, were visitors who were much admired. Miss Elliott of Belleville, who is, I believe, to go west with Mrs. Sheldon, was in pink silk and gauze, with many pretty flowers; Mrs. Hay wore a lovely pale blue gown; Mrs. Elliott was in heavy ribbed white silk with ribbon ruffles and lace; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore shot silk in opal tints, with white lace and corn color velvet; Mrs. J. K. Kerr was in cream brocade; Miss Dixon, in white; Miss May Walker, in pink *moiré*; Mrs. Gibson, in gray with pink *crêpe* and roses; the Misses Mackenzie, two of this season's debutantes, were in pink and blue satin respectively; Mrs. Bristol wore white silk; Mrs. Pelham Edgar wore black, with white insertion; Mrs. Auguste Bolte wore white embroidered satin; Miss Fanny Shanklin wore cream satin and spangled gauze; Miss Griffin was in black, with pink and white trimmings; Miss Thompson was in yellow silk and chiffon; Miss Alice Thompson, in her pretty *debutante* frock of white silk; Miss D'ayton wore pale pink, with crimson and white roses; Miss Oler was very sweetly gowned in white silk, with pale blue ribbons; Miss Dallas was a picture in dove-gray silk and white lace; the hostess wore a sumptuous gown of moss-green *mirroir* velvet, with bodice of black chiffon over white, and the Misses Jones were in white, Miss Louie with a touch of cerise ribbons; Miss Ganthony was also a visitor much sought after, in white and scarlet; Miss Meredith wore white. Many another graceful and

handsome woman floated over the glassy inland floor, and it was not until after two o'clock that the last guest said adieu.

Many weary people fell asleep in a thankful frame of mind on the evening of the day set apart as a national Thanksgiving, but none had so thoroughly earned their rest as the officers and soldiers who made the day a memorable one by their admirable turn-out and well-conducted manoeuvres. Early in the morning people wended their way to the West Side, about *en voiture*, and stood in the breezy precincts of north-west Toronto to watch the boys in green and red, the Highlanders and the Regulars as they marched north in search of the enemy. After a long and interesting day afield, the officers attended a dinner at Webb's and did what justice a martial appetite could to the good things provided. Though everyone was tired out, everyone voted the day an immense success and one of thorough enjoyment.

Mrs. Herbert Walker of Beverley street gave a lovely tea on Saturday last to a large number of friends. Among the many ladies present I noticed: Mrs. John Riordan, Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. and Miss Douglas, Miss Ellis, Mrs. and Miss Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Phillips, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. F. W. Walker, Miss Dixon, Miss Preston, Miss Morton, the Misses Baird, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Mitchell.

Mr. George Hart will be much missed by a large circle of friends. He left for St. John's yesterday and bid good-bye to many friends at Benvenuto on Wednesday, who wished him heartily good fortune.

The St. Anne's Young Ladies' Swiss Club, of which Mrs. James Harold Kennedy is president and Miss Yda Milligan vice-president, will hold an At Home on Thursday evening next at St. Anne's schoolhouse.

Les Hiboux meet at the residence of Miss Susie Ellis, 583 Sherbourne street, this evening.

Mrs. A. Willis gave a largely attended ladies' tea on Saturday last at her charming home on Jarvis street, and was ably assisted in her pleasant duties by Misses Nellie Symington, Kate Moore, Carrie Hummie and Minnie Oldright. Among the guests were: Mrs. Henry Lamport, Mrs. T. Armstrong, Mrs. Walter Lee, Mrs. Hedley, Miss Hedley, Mrs. Heron, Mrs. Seymour Corley, Mrs. Henry Wright, Miss Hannaford, Mrs. Moore, the Misses Lamport, Mrs. McRachlin, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Macfarlane, and many others.

A most important social event of next week will be the Victoria University Conversazione on Friday. As a number of leading people of some of our smartest circles have signified their intention to be present, this pleasant annual function should not be missed by any who wish to spend an enjoyable evening.

Miss Mary Isabel Scott of Rosedale gave a very pleasant evening to a number of her friends on Tuesday evening. Among those present were: Miss Barbara and Miss Grace Martin, Mr. Robert and Miss Wightman, Miss Clark, Miss Bach, Mr. R. Gullett, Miss Doran, Mr. H. Whiteman, Miss McMullen, Mr. Barrie, Miss Jean McKenzie, Mr. Will and Miss Will, Mr. George Oram and Miss Oram, Mr. W. Bauld and Miss Bauld, Mr. John Wickson, Miss Bryce, Mr. W. Bowker and Miss Dunkerley.

Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham, who were last month called across the ocean and the continent to California from England by the illness of their son in the far West, stopped over in Toronto for a few days on the return trip. These charming people have spent many years in India, and on Saturday, Mrs. William Boulton, who was their fellow passenger on the Britannic recently, gave an Anglo-Indian tea in their honor. Quality not quantity regulated the number of guests, who were almost all Anglo-Indians, and numbered many of the leading lights and dignitaries of the legal profession. The tea was unique both in interest and enjoyment, and many pleasant reminiscences were forthcoming from those who had sojourned in the land of Rudyard Kipling's stories. On Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Tottenham were entertained at supper by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crowley of St. George street, Mrs. Crowley having been also a passenger on the Britannic last month. The visitors left on Monday afternoon, quite in love with Toronto, where friends will be glad to claim their promise of a future visit.

Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Kieley go to New York next week for a short sojourn, that Mrs. Kieley may consult an oculist.

Mr. Wyly Grier gave a studio tea on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen were present. The center of interest was the portrait of Prof. Goldwin Smith, which Mr. Grier has not quite completed, and which is destined to hang in the Bodleian library at England's seat of learning. Mr. Grier has been very happy in his treatment of his subject, and those who know the expression and favorite pose of the *savant* recognized the professor in a very life-like and beautiful presentation. Mr. Grier's work above all shows refinement and delicacy of perception and his portraits are exquisitely finished. Mrs. Melfort Boulton was chaperone on the occasion of the tea, and among those present were: Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. and Miss Kingmill, Miss Nellie Ganthony, Mrs. Denison, and Miss Florence Dixon.

On Thanksgiving Day a number of small teas and dinners, scarcely deserving the name of functions, but very social and very merry, were given on both the east and west sides. A dinner party was given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick at Government House. A couple of St. George street hostesses also gave small dinners, at which the feast of thanksgiving was duly honored.

A good many young and older folk will be sorry when St. Andrew's ball is a thing of the far past. It is without exception the jolliest public ball we have in Toronto, for when the Scot unbends for the purposes of enjoyment he does so with a hearty abandon which carries all before it. As the Yacht Club ball is the

most imposing function of the season (and, by the way, in that connection I must render to Mr. Seaver the honor which I inadvertently denied him, in some other part of these columns), so St. Andrew's is by common consent the merriest and gayest of all. And this year it has had, as prelude, a series of informal evenings down at the Highlanders' armory, at which sword-dancer Murray and Piper Swanson have been masters of ceremonies, while the *élite* of society have mastered the pretty evolutions of the various Scotch dances which last night gave piquancy to the programme. Some, to the manor born, like Colonel Davidson and his captains, danced with deftness from the first, and several ladies whose grace and facility are otherwise notable, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Miss Walker, the Misses Michie, who inherit a love for all things Scottish, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, and a host of bright young ladies and jubilant men, who skipped and balanced and practiced steps and Scotch shouts until the breath and endurance of each and all was utterly exhausted. Such have been the merry evenings before St. Andrew's ball, which will be a bright memory with many a fair or manly member of the season of '94 '95.

Miss Rowan of Winnipeg left for home on Wednesday. Seldom has a visitor been more missed than this charming girl.

Miss Fairy Atkinson of Chatham has been for the past week the guest of Miss Katie Stevenson of Bloor street east, and has been a much admired visitor at several society functions.

Mrs. Clemow of Ottawa arrived on Wednesday on a visit to Mrs. Hetherington at Athlery and Mrs. Somerville of Athelstane.

I hear Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald are thinking of removing from Avenue road to that pretty residence on St. George street recently occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Totten.

A large dinner party was given at Government House on Saturday evening. Covers were laid for twenty-four.

Miss Anderson of Glasgow was last week the guest of Mrs. Tackaberry, Jarvis street.

Miss Kirkpatrick has been for some time visiting friends in Kingston and returned home this week.

In connection with the decorations of the Granite Rink at the Yacht Club ball, I omitted mention of the very able committee who turned the bare expanse into a vision of beauty and comfort. This committee, under the direction of Mr. Seaver, with the help of various crews of the yachts, were responsible for the success of the scheme of decoration, which was planned entirely by Mr. Seaver.

The Dancing Club met for the first time at the Grange on Tuesday evening. Everyone connected with this new circle enjoyed the dance, and no doubt the fortnightly reunions will be very popular. The next rendezvous is the Homewood. Among the members are: Misses Hodgins, Small, Campbell, Dixon, Dawson and many others of equal prominence in social circles. Mrs. Melfort Boulton and Mrs. Irving Cameron, with other ladies whose names have escaped my memory, are chaperones. Several favored outsiders enjoyed the dance of Friday last.

Mrs. Alf. Blackburn of New York is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. Coulter of 419 Wellesley street, where she will be at home to her friends on the first and second Wednesdays of this month.

Mr. A. W. Seagram of North Toronto is convalescent after an illness of several weeks.

Miss Jamieson of Rosedale was a *debutante* at St. Andrew's ball.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth gave a pink and white luncheon on Tuesday to thirteen lady friends. The decorations of the festive board were extremely pretty, and the color scheme was well carried out. Two large candelabra with pink and white candles and shades were at either end of the table, and a bowl of pink and white roses in the center rested on a centerpiece of pink silk. The guests were: Mesdames F. Arnold, W. Crowther, James Crowther, Fraser Macdonald, H. Paterson, Alfred Cameron, W. Barwick, H. D. P. Armstrong, Bolte, Armour, E. D. Armour, Bristol and Herbert Greene.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham's tea on Monday was a most pleasant affair. Only ladies were invited and they turned out in vast numbers to pay their respects to the hostess of Maplecroft. Mrs. Gooderham was assisted in the drawing-room by Miss Gooderham, while Mrs. Ed. Gooderham with Miss Josie and Miss Monroe were in the dining-room. Mrs. Cecil Lee always claims her old place as daughter of the house, and was very busy looking after her mother's guests. The refreshment table was lovely with white chrysanthemums and asparagus ferns, and richly set with toothsome dainties. A very large number of the leading women in smart circles were present, and I heard a good many regrets that bright and lovable Miss Maggie Gooderham was not of the pleasant *coterie*. I believe that young lady is, however, having a delightful sojourn in Europe just now.

Mrs. Somerville gives a tea at Athelstane next Thursday.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark gives a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Dunn and Miss Dunn left for their home in Vancouver to-day. They have been spending the summer in Toronto, and their numerous friends regret exceedingly their departure and hope they may have a safe and pleasant trip home.

Mrs. Marsh gave a delightful tea on Thursday.

Dr. Pickering of 281 Sherbourne street gave a brilliant and enjoyable dinner in honor of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, one of his old schoolmates, and among those invited to meet the great author were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, Dr. I. H. Cameron, Dr. Stranage, Surgeon-Major Waddy of the British Army, Dr. Ryerson,

M.L.A., Dr. Campbell Myers, Dr. A. J. Johnston, Mr. G. W. Torrance, Rev. J. W. Blackler, Dr. Verner, Dr. Chafee, Mr. Arthur Hewitt and Major Mead.

Mrs. Henry Pellatt, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Rogers, in Calgary, and has had the pleasure of welcoming her little granddaughter during her stay, returns home next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien received yesterday, and will be also at home in the studio to-day to a number of invited guests.

By the way, a club has been formed in Montreal which might tempt into imitation some of those bright and buxom lasses and their chaperones who have achieved such prowess on the golf links. It is no less than a curling club, in which the mysteries of "scoopin' her up" and "lettin' her be" are fully elucidated. I wonder will Toronto ladies favor this departure?

Miss Emberson of Belleville is the guest of Mrs. Percy Beatty of Lowther avenue.

A meeting will be held next Thursday at the Wanderers' Club Rooms by those interested, to decide on the form of their winter hospitality, which vibrates between a public ball and a club at home.

Miss Mary Mara and Miss Gunther are giving a piano recital in the theater of the Normal School on December 6, and will be assisted by Signor Pier Delasco. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

The annual dinner of the University of Toronto Faculty of Medicine will take place at the Rossin House on the evening of Thursday, Dec. 6.

The many friends of Mrs. Ahern of Sydenham street will be pleased to learn that she has recovered from her recent illness, and intends giving a young people's dance for her daughters on Thursday evening next, the cards for which are now out.

The hospitable doors of the Grange were open on Friday evening last, when Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner. Those present were: Mayor Kennedy, Mr. Samuel Nordheimer, Dr. Spragge, Dr. Strange and Mr. Charles Lindsay.

Miss Falkner, whose name headed the list of nurses who graduated from the Toronto Training School on Tuesday week, is a niece of Rev. A. H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints' church, and daughter of a well known barrister in Belleville. Miss Falkner has a host of friends who wish her success.

Mrs. McDermid and Miss Kate McDermid were at home to many friends last Saturday. Although it was a disagreeable afternoon the pretty drawing rooms were full. Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Gordon did the honors of the tea-table, assisted by the men present, of whom there were not a few. The table was prettily decorated, yellow being the predominating color.

Miss Emily Senior, who is visiting her sister in New York, will spend the winter in Havana, Cuba.

Miss Florence Kane of Woodstock is the guest of Miss Ella Stanbury.

Mr. M. Chandler, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Ayr, is spending his holidays at his home in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles and family have moved from 320 Spadina avenue to 343 Huron street.

Captain Cartwright, lately of the D.S.I., London, and Mrs. Cartwright have come to Toronto and are at Stanley Barracks. Many old friends who knew them here some years ago are very pleased to welcome them back to Toronto.

The reception at Government House was as usual a bright hour in mid-week. A number of well known people, and also an unusual number of strangers, were present.

The concert and dance given by the Talago Lacrosse Club of Newmarket in the Town Hall last Wednesday evening proved a very successful affair. The programme consisted of a short concert followed by a very enjoyable dance. Among those present were: Misses Dolan, Peppiatt, George Wilson, Kellman, Hogg, Ratcliffe and Amy Lamont of Toronto, and Messrs. Hollingshead, Fivelle, McCrimmon, Gerald Wade and C. H. Flood of Toronto (who took part in the concert), Doyle, Gibney, Burly, C. Boyd of Toronto, Montgomery, Burly, Coldwell and many others.



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TORONTO—3 KING ST. EAST

Social and Personal.

The largest of the succession of teas which have this season been given by various well known women of fashion was held at Waveney on Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Gooderham had able assistance from her daughter, Mrs. Ross, in the reception-room, to which purpose the north drawing-room was devoted, and a constant stream of guests passed and repassed its portals. It is a thrice-told tale, to descend on the beauties of Waveney, with its wealth of carved ceilings, its rare woods and sumptuous furnishings. No feeling of stiffness or ceremony encumbers the guests of the lovely place, whose master and mistress are noted for geniality and kindness through the length and breadth of Toronto. Mr. Gooderham, who is absent in Europe, was missed by everyone at Saturday's reception. D'Alessandro's orchestra played in a recess of the spacious hall, and a buffet was set in the dining-room with every imaginable dainty suitable to an afternoon reunion. A bevy of young people made their difficult way through the masses of silks and laces, and bore here and there the fragrant tea and ruby wine, according to the choice of some waiting visitor. Men, as I predicted, were there in scores, and very welcome they are, when one is lazy or absorbed in feminine confab, to search out the toothsome sandwich and the spiced wine for the woman they see unprovided. A handsome young cleric, Mr. Taylor of the Sabrevois, was here, there and everywhere, doing the work of three. Among the guests were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O'Brien, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones, Mrs. and Miss Elms Arturs, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Major and Mrs. Hay, Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton, Major and Mrs. Pallat, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. and Miss Chadwick, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Wenvoe, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Lee, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Brouse, sr., Mrs. Robert and Miss Gooderham, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Paterson, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. Jack Massey, Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Fitch and Mrs. Hetherington, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Young of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mrs. Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Brock, Miss Brock, Capt. Michie, Capt. Robertson, Lieut. Donald and a host of young men and maids, with many equally well known chaperones and attendant lords and masters.

Rev. Mr. George Nattress and his bride have been for a week in Toronto on their bridal journey, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Nattress of Carlton street. On Tuesday, Mrs. Nattress gave an impromptu tea for her visitors, at which the usual result of getting as many men and women into a pretty home as it could possibly contain was accomplished. Mrs. Nattress, in a very pretty gown and a fragrant corsage bouquet of pink carnations, presented her friends to the guest of the occasion; Mrs. George Nattress captured all hearts by her bright and charming personality, and to a favored few at the close of the reception played and sang delightfully. Even those To-

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ronto-friends who were *difficile* in the matter of a suitable bride for the pastor, for whom they have so warm an affection, and whose memory they keep very green, were most earnest in their congratulations to their old friend on having won so fair and sweet a wife. The pretty frock worn by this honored guest suggested recent girlhood, with its simple dainty folds of pale mauve crepe and white satin folded corslet and shoulder knots. I believe Mr. and Mrs. Nattress will remain a few days longer in Toronto, after which they will return to the Rectory at Kingsbridge. Among the guests at the tea I noticed: Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Mrs. Sweetman, Mr. Kerstaman and his daughter, Mrs. Wood of Wenvoe, Mr. G. B. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Dunsford, Col. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Denison, Mrs. William Boulbee, Mrs. E. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Ince, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Young, Messrs. George and Oliver Denison, Mrs. Beecher, Miss Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge and Mr. Charles Wallbridge, and many others.

Mr. Frank Deane gave a most delightful piano recital at St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, assisted by Mr. Wallace of Edinburgh, who sang one of Mr. Deane's songs, a Scottish patriotic song, and four or five of Chevalier's cozier songs, which apparently delighted the audience. I thought the latter very funny indeed. Mr. Deane's playing was, as usual, a treat, and the clever artist gave no less than fourteen works of composers ranging from Handel to Schubert, from the master of centuries ago to the music of almost the present day and hour, for as a *bonne bouche* at the end of the second part he played a Chanson and a March of his own. Criticism from this column is not expected, but praise and appreciation are in order, and Mr. Deane earned large meed of both. The stage was decorated with palms and flowers, and the piano, a Steinway from Nordhelmer, was a gem. It would not be out of place to suggest that so long as the cloak-room is in its present position it would be a sensible arrangement not to open all the doors to the street on a wintry night, while men and women in evening dress are obliged to stand waiting with their checks. It took some sharp speaking to induce those in authority to close the inner doors, and the thanks of some uncomfortable and shivering people are due to a man of determination who saved them from the cold night air.

The Old Grammar School will hold its second annual At Home in the Horticultural Pavilion on the evening of Saturday, December 8, an event which is looked forward to with pleasure by the pupils and ex-pupils of this honored institution. Those who are entrusted with the arrangements hope to make it a greater success than last year. Every effort has been made to provide sufficient and comfortable accommodation. Among those who have kindly promised to take part in the programme are Miss Jessie Alexander, Miss Irene Gurney and Mr. Harold Jarvis, old pupils of the school, who are eminent in their several professions. The University Banjo Club, many of whom are ex-pupils, are to contribute some of their popular selections. The principal and his efficient staff will be delighted to meet and exchange reminiscences with many whom they have no other opportunity of meeting. Such an occasion cannot fail to be both pleasant and successful.

The exhibition of the Palette Club, which has attracted so much interest, will be followed on Monday by a joint exhibition of two of its members, Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Manly, at Matthews' gallery, 72 Yonge street. Mr. Manly's pictures are in water colors, mostly out-of-door work painted during the past summer. Mr. O'Brien's are all in oil, a new departure for him, and include a fine painting of Cape Gaspe under an effect of sun-lighted fog.

Mrs. William Mackenzie gave a musicale on Thanksgiving evening, which was a rich artistic treat as well as a very bright and pleasant social success. Madame Albertini, whose beautiful voice and perfect method are the possessions of a lady of much attractiveness of appearance, and a charming and amiable manner, sang many lovely songs, and alternated with Signor Delasco, who was in rich voice, and gave some fine numbers, to the delight of competent critics. Signor Delasco is a perfect drawing-room singer, which fact was to the advantage of his pleased audience. That quality is better than quantity was amply demonstrated on this occasion. Seldom is a musicale arranged without the necessity of some kindly leniency being exercised by the audience, but this affair was beyond any need but that of unstinted praise. Among the guests were: Mrs. G. W. and Miss Audrey Allen, Mrs. Theodore King, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Totten, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Dr. and Mrs. Covenrton, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, Mrs. J. E. Thompson, Misses Milligan, Atkinson of Chatham, Stevenson, Drayton, Thompson, Messrs. Grantham,

Raymond, Hanning, Castell Hopkins, Hart, Dr. Trow and others.

Mrs. Roper's tea for the introduction of her daughter, Miss Lillian, was a very successful and pleasant affair. A great many guests were in attendance, who gave the pretty debutante a hearty welcome on her formal entrance to society, though her place was fixed in their esteem long since, wherever her bright smile and merry laugh were known. The function which marked her *entree* was a pink and white tea, and the fair debutante wore white muslin and lace with *choux* and collar of rose pink. Among the many ladies present were: Mesdames Tackaberry, Neville, Gooderham, Young, Pellatt, King, W. Davidson, Hamilton and Ross.

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The Last Duel in Ontario.

Written for Saturday Night by Charles Lewis Shaw.

Duelling, as a fashionable pastime, has gone out. If we have anything against a man nowadays, we black-bail him at the club, or write a letter to the papers, or retain B. B. Osler to talk to a jury about him. If you kill a man in this end of the nineteenth century according to any code of honor at variance with that of Sir John Thompson's Criminal Code, 55 56 Victoria, chap. 29, if you can be caught you will be hanged; hanged by the neck until you are dead, as a judge with an ominous and very unbecoming black cap on his head will briefly state after a few preliminary remarks as to date and location. He will probably conclude with the kindly hope that God will have mercy on your soul.

That knowledge has knocked duelling out of fashion all over the English-speaking world. There is nothing romantically heroic, after that vague thing called honor has been satisfied by killing the other fellow, to know that you will be a source of much attention from the governor of a gaol, half a dozen turnkeys and a night watch for a few weeks, and then brought out into a gaol yard with your arms tied behind you and made to provide copy for half a dozen newspapers whose representatives have severally received instructions from their respective city editors to make about two columns of it, as it is not worth any more. It will not be of any special interest to you that your breakfast bill of fare, and what you partook thereof, the color of your trousers and the fact that your gentlemanly attendant, who was procured at great expense, did his business in a workmanlike manner, will be carefully detailed in the evening papers, and that nine out of ten of the papers will say that you were launched into eternity, because you will then be dead. In twenty-four hours people will return to wondering who it was who shot Frank Westwood, or whether wheat can possibly get any lower than fifty-three cents.

But human nature hasn't changed since the days when our grandfathers got up at an unearthly hour and stood as marks to be shot at. Steam, electricity and smokeless powder haven't revolutionized the old Adam within us. We are in a way only better regulated. Custom, not human nature, has changed since the time when the Duke of Buckingham's intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury was of such a scandalous nature that it roused the resentment of the noble Talbot, her husband, even in the complacent days of the second Charles. At that hostile meeting not only the principals, but the seconds engaged. The Ducal Lothario ran the injured husband through the body and left the field with the now dowagered Countess, who, dressed as a page, was holding her paramour's horse in a neighboring wood. The King pardoned his erratic favorite, and that was all there was about it.

Yes, times have changed. That scene could not occur at the present time. The Earl of Shrewsbury, supposing he had suffered that wrong in this civilized nineteenth century, would probably have the same desire to kill the festive Duke, but he would reason it out that as the desecrator of his home was one of the best swordsmen in Europe there was no further necessity of losing his life as well as his honor at his hands; that if he should succeed in killing his opponent he would probably be hanged, and that he would lose his life hit or miss. He would probably instruct his solicitor to institute proceedings.

No modern seconds, if they could be procured, would engage in mortal combat just out of politeness. The chances are they would tritely remark that it was none of their funeral. No frail Countess would dress herself up as a page nowadays. A page's costume is not nearly as becoming as in the days of the Stuarts. And if it did occur, there would be no pardon, for Queen Victoria is slightly different, thank Heaven, from Charles II.

A history of the evolution of duelling from the days of David and Goliath to the time when old George III. made it unpopular by hanging the survivor, would be good reading. The Church, unable to restrain it in the early days, endeavored to control it by the system of judicial combat, and duelling was part of the common law, one being instituted in England as late as the time of Charles I. Despite the numerous statutes and enactments against the practice throughout Europe, the duel was commonly resorted to by men who imagined that the only satisfaction to their strained, and oftentimes ridiculous, sense of honor was mortal combat. In England it survived until the early part of this century. I cannot for the life of me see where the satisfaction would come in, except in a very few isolated cases. If the other fellow killed you there would not be much satisfaction in it for you, and if you killed the other fellow you would only have the satisfaction of carrying around the thought of having murdered someone in a gentlemanly sort of way, which has a tendency to keep a man awake at night. During the last century no gentleman would have moral courage enough to decline a challenge. He would be branded in every club and mess-room in the three kingdoms as a coward and would be socially ruined. Col. Thomas, an officer in the Guards, who was killed in a duel, added this clause to his will the night before the fatal meeting: "In the first place I commit my soul to Almighty God in hope of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now (in compliance with the unwarrantable customs of this wicked world) put myself under the necessity of taking."

How prevalent the custom of duelling was and how trivial its causes, the literature of the reigns of Anne and the four Georges shows. Stern's father fought a duel about a goose; Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth fought with swords in 1765 as to who had the most game on his estates. Lord Byron must have had, for he killed Mr. Chaworth. In 1789 H.R.H. the Duke of York got a lock of his flaxen wig shot off when Wimbledon Common by Col. Lennox, the nephew and heir of the Duke of Richmond, for remarking that Col. Lennox submitted to words which no gentleman should submit to. Duels were fought from disputes at cards or a place at the theater. Hundreds of challenges, given and accepted while in their cups,

were fought out next morning to the death of one or both of the participants. The arithmetic of the historians of the eighteenth century gave out in calculating the number where women were the cause. Sir Jonah Barrington giving a list of the duels of his day says that previous to the Union and during the time of a disputed election in Dublin, it was no unusual thing for twenty-three duels to be fought in one day. He tells how the great leaders in politics and at the bar fought, some on the Mutiny bill, some on the Catholic claims, some on a sugar tax, till he comes to the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas who fought the Master of the Rolls on "Miscellaneous Questions." Duels were so common in Ireland as to be unworthy of note by society in general, except where one or both of the combatants were killed. One can almost understand the prevalence of the custom when we read that such celebrities, who are men almost within touch of our own time, like Warren Hastings, Sir Phillip Francis, Wilkes, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, Curran, Tierney Castlereagh, O'Connell, Canning, and I believe the Iron Duke himself, "were out."

That duelling was not the outcome of the habit of wearing swords is evident, for when swords went out, pistols came in, and gentlemen instead of artistically carving one another, began just as industriously to attempt to bore holes into each other's persons at twelve paces. We smile at the story of the little man who had paraded a gigantic country squire for saying he had revoked at whist, and, when on the ground the latter's seconds remarked that the little man had a great advantage on account of having a larger mark to shoot at, desired that his diminutive dimensions should be chalked out on his opponent. He pledged his word of honor that he would not hit outside the mark. History states not how satisfactory this was to the squire; and we have all laughed at that three-cornered duel of Marryat's, where one of the trio found himself shooting at his dearest friend. But if we have to congratulate ourselves that duelling has passed away, we have also the knowledge that it was instrumental in taking other things more desirable in its train. Are the small courtesies of life now observed as in the olden times when men were so ready with the pistol? Is not the slanderer and liar more amongst us now in decent society than in the days when he knew the consequence of his pelfy would be "the field of honor," as it was called in the inflated language of the time? We can hardly understand the count's advice to Charlie O'Mally to go out with any man that thought himself aggrieved even with his tailor, but are not men more careful of the effect of their words and more sensitive as to the honor of their actions if they know they may pay the penalty of their dishonorable word or act with their life? In the general humors that distinguished the higher social life of England in the eighteenth century, the most regrettable feature of it was certainly not duelling. When the church and the courts of justice were powerless, it probably was just as well that there was such a law, superficial as that of the code of honors was, to act as a restraint on the evil nature of man. It seems almost to have been a necessity of the times. Even at the present, neither our social system nor our legislatures are able to adequately grapple with the three most despicable of moral and social criminals, the liar, the coward and the seducer. In duelling days would a cowardly, boastful "masher" insinuate to his friends anything against the fair name of the innocent girl whose hand he pressed in the figures of the lancers? Would the high-playing, dissipated dandies at Crockett's or White's in the worst days of the Regency have dared to say the things about women that are now passed over in silence or greeted with a knowing look or smile in modern club rooms? A liar now can only be punished by legal proceedings or by personal chastisement, either of which is unseemly. The former he evades by a legal technicality and the latter will place you in the police court. The seducer would pause in his arts of gallantry and ponder deeply before encouraging the folly of a wife into sin, when he knew that beyond the decree of the divorce court he might speedily be called to the judgment of his God by the pistol of the injured husband.

There is no doubt that duelling fostered good manners. There was nothing undignified in a duel in itself. In fact, it seems it must have been particularly unhealthy for all ill-mannered gentlemen in those "brave days of old." The evils of duelling are apparent, but there is no doubt that the spirit of courtesy pervaded political, social and professional life to a greater extent than it now does. Does anyone doubt that the Hon. Mr. Haggart would have given D'Alton McCarthy an airing a hundred years ago? Sir Richard Cartwright would have had to have been a better swordsman than financier in the days of Queen Anne, or his skin would not have held his Free Trade principles. Would Dr. Landerkin get so excruciatingly funny in his interruptions across the floor of the House? Would Mr. Tarte—oh, Mr. Tarte probably wouldn't be heard of.

They have gone, those gentlemen of the "old school," as we fondly call them—gone with their ruffles and powder, their Almack's and their minuets, their Crockett's and their three-bottle men. Gone is the courtesy, the respect for age and sex, and the duel. Ring out the old, ring in the new. With all our boasted civilization we have a lingering love for those hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-swearers great-grandfathers of ours who staked their patrimonies on the throw of a dice as carelessly as they laid down their lives on the plains of Abraham or on the field of Plassey for England's sake. For obvious reasons the duello was never a very popular institution in North America, either in old colonial times or in the early days of the Republic. In the Southern States, however, the custom survived probably later than in any English speaking country, and only died out with the war. In Canada duelling was almost entirely confined to the professions of arms. The last duel that took place in Upper Canada, however, was between civilians, although it was probably the outcome of

the spirit which so long pervaded some of the military settlements in Canada.

After the fall of Napoleon and the conclusion of the American war of 1812-13, the British army was reduced to a place-footing and several of the regiments were disbanded in Canada, lands being allotted them in proportion to rank, and tools and rations being provided the men under certain regulations as to settlement, etc. Perth, now the county town of the county of Lanark, was one of the most important centers of one of these military settlements. Many of the officers of the gallant Glengarry Fencibles and a number from other regiments settled here, who, together with the soldiers from all branches of the service, gave a decidedly military flavor to the social life of the little community. Isolated from the rest of the world, living almost entirely within themselves under semi-military laws, like the Bourbons forgetting nothing and learning nothing, the settlement for the first twenty-five years of its existence presented a curious anomaly, an Old Country village of the last century in the backwoods of Canada. It was known as the half-pay officers' paradise. The distinction of class and the precedence of rank were as rigidly insisted upon in their log houses in the bush as if at a grand review on Houslow Heath or at a levee at St. James' Palace.

Proud, arrogant old fellows they were, these half-pay officers, but brave and gentle and manly withal. If they had faults they had greater virtues, which have so impressed themselves on our national life that much is due to them that Canadians are a loyal and a manly people. In the early thirties there were two young men engaged in the study of law in this quaint old town, who were not only sought after by ambitious mammas for every social rout and party, but were looked upon by the people at large as being lads of peculiar promise in their profession. They were both of good family, Robert Lyon being a son of Captain Lyon of Richmond, a neighboring settlement, and the father of John Wilson was a Scotch gentleman of scholarly tastes, but slender means, who had made many sacrifices to give his son a profession. Some of the oldest residents of Perth yet remember them and speak of the inseparable friendship that existed between them, and the manly light-hearted natures of the lads. Lyon was a student in the office of his kinsman, the father of the late William Raden-hurst, and Wilson in that of the Hon. James Boulton, two leading offices in the Ottawa valley. In the spring of 1833 the two students were sent by their respective principals to Bytown, then an unimportant village, on some legal business in which both offices were interested. Whatever it was that occurred between them in Bytown which was the first cause of the subsequent tragedy, the outside world will never accurately know. Tradition speaks of a half-laughing, half-serious remark by Lyon, in which a lady's name is thoughtlessly used in the confidence of late hours, pipes, and wine. The remark is taken seriously by Wilson, who wrote in confidence to a lady in Perth, a relative, regarding its truth. In a short time the inevitable result followed, and Lyon returned to Perth to receive only a haughty stare from the lady whose name he had thoughtlessly spoken and a practical dismissal of his suit from Miss—his fiancée. Half maddened with these, to him, inexplicable insults, he demanded an explanation. Wilson's relative refused to divulge her informant's name without his consent. Wilson came forward manfully and admitted his share in the affair and said he was justified under the circumstances. There was a casual meeting before the court house, some hot-tempered words were exchanged, a blow given by Lyon was received on the cheek by Wilson and they were separated. To understand what follows one must consider the situation of the parties. Lyon, connected by blood and marriage with the principal families of the settlement, genial, dashing, and debonaire in his manner, strikingly handsome, an athlete who easily surpassed all his companions in feats of strength and skill, would undoubtedly have the sympathy of the little community which was their social world in the quarrel between the former friends; while Wilson, of little social influence, of a shy, sensitive but proud temperament, had few of those more superficial qualities which make a man popular. What feelings agitated the breast of the proud, sensitive boy—for Wilson was not twenty-one—during the days that followed the encounter at the court house, one can only imagine. How his cheek must have tingled as he thought of what the half-pay officers, the magnates of his world, would say. No gentleman will submit to a blow! How



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must his blood have boiled as he realized the fruitlessness of returning a blow against an athlete like Lyon! How he must have thought that every man looked upon him, with their old-fashioned ideas, as a coward, and every woman as a traducer! Oh, if they only knew that he had a right to send that letter, a right to know as to the truth of Lyon's words! It must have been in this frame of mind that he consulted some companions as to what action he should take. Queer counsellors they were, brought up with the old ideas of their fathers, who forgot that the world had changed since they were young men and talked as blithely about pinking or winging their men as if old George III. were yet on the throne. They determined that Wilson had received a deadly insult and that his outraged honor demanded satisfaction, and a challenge was sent to Lyon. It is a noticeable peculiarity of the history of duelling that it is almost invariably the friends that seem to think that the only thing to wash out what they grandiloquently call dishonor, is blood. There can be little doubt that both Lyon and Wilson, despite their unfortunate quarrel, sincerely liked each other in their heart of hearts as much as ever, but they, in the language of the Code, were in the hands of their friends.

A venerable and much respected lady, almost the last link that connects the earliest settlement with the present, told me the story the other day. "I was only a girl at the time," she said in her gentle Scotch voice, "and had just come out." And the dear old lady, the belle of other days, paused and seemed to travel back over the long sixty years to the time when her beautiful white hair was golden and her wrinkled cheek was ruddy with youth and health. "I knew poor Mr. Lyon and Mr. Wilson. Everyone was surprised when they heard of the duel, for only the second and the surgeon knew, I believe. Everything was conducted properly, you know," said my informant, drawing herself up, more erectly if possible than before, on the chair whose back she would have scorned to touch and looking as if the only impropriety there could be about a duel was the manner in which it was carried out. "Mr. Julius Lelievre, a son of Captain Lelievre, an officer in the French navy who had left the French service with his ship, so it was said, in the last war, and joined the British, was Mr. Lyon's second; Mr. Simon Fraser Robertson, son of Captain Robertson, acted for Mr. Wilson, and young Mr. Reade, son of staff-surgeon Reade, was the surgeon. Young Mr. Reade went into the army and became a surgeon-major. He distinguished himself lately in the Crimea and in the Mutiny.

"The meeting took place just beyond the town line on the right bank of the Tay. There was a large elm tree on the spot which is there yet. Mr. Lyon was what is called a crack shot, but both missed at the first fire. Efforts were then made by Mr. Robertson and Mr. Reade to bring about an understanding or reconciliation, but both gentlemen were proud and Mr. Lelievre, it is said, would not agree to an amicable settlement and the pistols were reloaded and the principals were again placed on the ground. At a word, both pistols exploded together and Mr. Lyon fell heavily backward, shot through the heart. The ball entered below the leveled right arm and he was dead before Mr. Lelievre and Mr. Reade got to him. Mr. Wilson and Mr. Robertson at once gave themselves up to the authorities, but were acquitted by the jury at the ensuing assizes at Brockville. Mr. Lelievre at once left the country and died a few years ago at Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa. Mr. Wilson practiced law at London, Canada West, and as you know became the Hon. Mr. Justice Wilson of the Common Pleas, but the death of poor Mr. Lyon, I know, was a life-long, heart-felt sorrow to him until the day he died, a few years ago, crowned with years and honor."

This was the last duel in Ontario. It excited much interest throughout the country and the tragic pathos of Lyon's death showed the terrible nature of the custom divested of its medieval vanities and fantastic nonsense. It served to extinguish forever the few embers of the old duelling spirit that still fitfully smouldered throughout the Canadas. It died with dignity, however, and, painful as it may be, the thought of those two proud gallant lads facing death on that June morning long ago, not with the hideous desire to kill but in compliance with the belief that honor demanded that a custom that was virtually obsolete before they were born should be carried out, makes one hesitate before laughing at the code of honor as only silly and ridiculous. It sometimes had at least the dignity of tragedy.

Of all the brief life stories of the early time chiseled on the marble slabs in the old burying-ground in Perth, where our forefathers sleep the long, long sleep, there is none sadder than that told under the old shattered yew tree by a stone inscribed:

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING
Dedicated to the memory of
ROBERT LYON,
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He fell in mortal combat 13th of June, 1833, in the 20th year of his age.
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"Mamma," said a small girl, "why can't we have a grand piano?"
"Because we can't afford it, dear," her mother answered. "You must wish for a hen that can lay golden eggs."
"But, mamma," protested this literal young lady, "while you are about it, why not wish for a hen that can lay a grand piano?"

Weather Bulletin.
PROBABILITIES NEXT FOUR WEEKS.
At this time of the year it is safe to predict that the weather will be wet, cold and generally uncomfortable, and it is also safe to state that a Rigby Coat is really the only satisfactory outside garment to wear. No matter if the weather is wet, cold or stormy, one is always warm and comfortable in a Rigby Coat.

Jack—Are the new five dollar silver certificates out? George—I haven't noticed any.
Jack—Oh, well, it doesn't matter much. One of the old ones will do, if you can let me have it for a few days.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:
"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."
H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Laurence—Mr. Glanville must be reconciled to you; I don't see his vicious ball dog around his place any more. Allan—No; I bet a policeman ten dollars the dog wasn't mad.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

Slimpurse (airily)—Aw, me good man, is it customary to tip waitahs heah? Head-waiter (condescendingly)—Not unless you are richer than the waiter, sir.

Deceiving the Ladies.
The unceasing struggle for supremacy in almost every line of trade undoubtedly has a tendency to make dealers resort to questionable methods of business. Take, for instance, a line of high class dress goods like Priestley's which has been brought to a state of perfection and has attained popularity everywhere. As soon as the ladies insist upon having these goods and no others, it is reported that some merchants have even taken the "Varnished Board," Priestley's trade mark, out of the genuine Priestley's black dress goods or Cravenettes and wrapped inferior goods upon it for the purpose of deceiving the customer. Fortunately, however, an extra precaution was adopted by the manufacturers in stamping the name "Priestley's" and the length on every five yards, so that ladies who want these goods can be sure of getting them. These goods are for sale by W. A. Murray & Co., Toronto.

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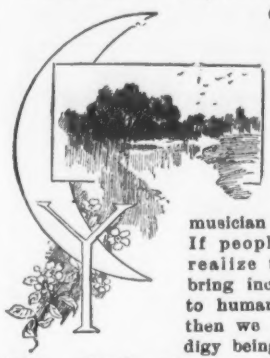
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Books and Authors.

A Talk on the Subject of Story Writing for the Press.



YOU cannot write a good short story at the present time without serving an apprenticeship to the craft any more than you can become a good musician without study.

If people could only realize this it would bring incalculable relief to humanity. Now and then we hear of a prodigy being born who, on being placed near a piano by his nurse, at once strikes up a sublime passage that surpasses Beethoven and all the great masters. What becomes of such infants later on no man can say, for they never detract from the great masters in this end. The born story writer will hereafter be as rare and as disappointing in his maturity, no doubt, as the born musician. The short story has now become as much a thing of art as a fine piece of music. The day has gone by when a simple tale of love, a misunderstanding and a reconciliation will pass as a short story. The Tale is no more, and it perished none too soon. The Tale is that form of story where the author creates half a dozen characters more or less, to whom another individual relates the happenings of his life. These "half-dozen characters more or less" were never of the least use in a Tale, but it was held necessary that someone should listen, and the author seemed determined not to entrust that delicate duty to the reader. And the reader, in fact, scarcely deserved to be trusted, for usually he got away from the Tale ere it had well begun to unfold itself. The author, therefore, anxious for listeners, created one or more auditors and surcharged them with a consuming interest in the speaker's tale. These listeners were often described one by one, their parents exhumed from graves and described, the financial standing, past and present, of each listener carefully gone into, so that the reader could feel perfectly at home. Generally the Tale was told at an inn or (in Canada) at a small country hotel where the author was detained by a snow storm. The landlord was also described. He was required to come in and ask the listeners and the narrator what they would have. The narrator always asked for whisky and tossed it off bravely—his feelings being such. The listeners to a Tale were of no import at all. The landlord was never worth the amount of carpet his feet covered, while the whisky—although a temperance man I must admit that the stimulant might have done the narrator more good if he had taken a painful of it. The trouble with the Tale—let us treat of it in the present tense—is that it is too circumstantial. The narrator accounts for every minute. Sometimes he will say "Years went by," but usually he talks on and on and lets you see them go by for yourself. The teller of the Tale is generally the son of a rich gentleman (nobleman preferred) who in early life was driven from home for loving the lodge-keeper's daughter. It is perhaps one of the most curious facts in life that lodge-keepers never have sons. Every lodge-keeper has one daughter and stops at that. In literature there is no instance of a son; if any reader can refer me to a Tale or a novel wherein there is mention of a lodge-keeper's son, he will save me from ruining a particularly fine mind in seeking to fathom this apparent phenomenon. A single exception would deprive the thing of its inexorable and terrifying feature. Well, he is driven from home for loving the lodge-keeper's daughter. In the end he returns to find his father dead, while some rascally fellow has succeeded to the estate, his father having gone insane in his old age and willed the property to the designing person. The narrator's father always goes insane, but we are not expected to put two and two together and suspect the sanity of the narrator. Then he walks abroad, over the hills he knew so well, across the little stream, down the lane where the first blissful kiss was exchanged, and where yet the soft odor of romance mellowed the breeze, and (he removes his pipe, "spits in the wood box, tosses off his whisky savagely before continuing) then he comes upon a small mound, with a marble stone, bearing the simple words, "Catharine Fitzwilliam John. "Ah, heavens! what were my emotions then! I stood as one stunned. The loss of my estate did not affect me, but this—this was terrible. So young, so beautiful, and so buried!" And the narrator looks as if about to shed tears. Then he concludes: "From that day to this I have wandered over the earth and known no home," and he arises and plunges into the night. The listeners say nothing, of course, a reticence which we are supposed to lay to the intensity of their feelings.

The Tale is the crudest thing in literature. Not long ago nearly all short stories were written in the form of Tales. Good writers put forth their best efforts in that form, and poor ones seem naturally to turn their efforts in that direction. No fact is better understood in newspaper and magazine offices than that the great majority of those who are sending in short stories for acceptance are absolutely ignorant of the art they are dabbling in. They seem to have drawn their inspiration from the models of the last generation or the one before that again, and to be quite unconscious of the marvelous advancement that has taken place in our own day. Edgar Allen Poe was one of the first American writers to hit upon the true secret of short story writing, and his knowledge of the truth appears to have been intermittent. But it is evident that he perceived that the idea of relating the whole incidents of a man's life or the whole story of a young couple's love was not exactly the province of the short story. He saw that an incident, a happening, a grouping of people, the one fateful event upon which innumerable things hinged, that this, photographed by a flash-light, made the truly artistic short story. But like Moses, he saw the Promised Land without being privileged to enter it.

Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote good short stories of the old school, and Bret Harte in the midway ground produced masterpieces, thanks to the Western material in which he worked. Both these men had a genius that is not equalled by any writer of the new school, but if Bret Harte, with his present knowledge of what the new school aims at, could retrieve his youthful fire and unlimited Western material in which he once worked undisturbed, he would produce stories infinitely better than his best. The methods of to-day are vastly superior to those of twenty years ago, but methods can never be so perfect as to atone for lack of genius. We have new sculpting tools, but no great sculpture will be evolved until a genius grasps these unprecedented tools. It must also be admitted that while the tools are exceptional, the marble is growing more scarce, and almost every possible quarry has been worked.

It is nothing less than an impertinence for one to attempt the writing of short stories without reading, digesting and analyzing the work of the masters of the new school—T. Quiller Crouch, Anthony Hope, Rudyard Kipling, Luke Sharp, Octave Thanet, F. Anstey, James Barrie, W. L. Alden, A. Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker and many others, including the English translations of the stories in French by Francois Coppee, Guy de Maupassant and others.

The *Idler*, *The Strand Magazine*, *Black and White*, *St. James' Gazette*, and the *Pall Mall Budget* are among the English publications in which capital new idea short stories appear, and the monthly called *Short Stories*, published in New York, is the best American exponent of the new purpose, although each of the lighter magazines may be relied upon for at least one good short story per month. But I am of opinion that England is far ahead of America in this, as in every possible branch of literature, if merely mechanical considerations of make-up and illustration are left out of the count.

Young people who have an idea that they can write short stories should set themselves to the reading of the best productions of the admittedly good writers of that class of literature. They should study the art as they would study music, as they would study botany or chemistry. The room of a young writer should be his laboratory. Here he should bring each new short story that he knows to be good, and he should study it bit by bit, examining every joint, so that he will know exactly how the result is attained. When he becomes somewhat expert he will perceive that a short story has a mechanism beneath its graceful covering, he will see what the author avoided doing, as well as what he did, to produce his results. And this is the secret. When you can realize what a good author was careful to keep out of his story—things that the untrained mind would have inserted and which would have made the thing less dramatic—then you are on the border of knowledge and may for the first time attempt production. But if you are satisfied with your first story it may be taken as evidence of your mediocrity. In such case the likelihood is that you have only given a superficial study to the subject you profess to have been plugging at. Put your manuscript aside and in contrition study hard for another year. Why hurry? If you have genius, waiting a year will only make you

career more meteoric. If you have talent and will study hard, you can give this country a writer of whom it may be proud, but if you push yourself without preparation the reading public will learn to detect you before your talent has found its fit expression.

I have just received the new volume of selections from the works of Oliver Goldsmith, issued by Funk & Wagnalls of New York and Toronto, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale. The additions which Oliver Goldsmith made to English literature were of pure metal and wrought with the highest skill. His fancy had the true genius which rejects the merely trivial elements of human portraiture, and while selecting the great passions of the heart for his field he omitted not the small touches which made his work great. His lines, while not voluminous, are essentially tuneful and critically beyond reproach, and not to have read his *Traveler* with its noble philosophy or enjoyed the lovely pastoral, *The Deserted Village*, is to have missed some of the sweets of life. His fame rests on these, and they fittingly begin the tasty volume which, in its light green cover with chaste gold and red stampings, pleases the bookman's eye. The publishers have done well to republish the dainty essays which follow. Among them are *Pictures of Life*, *The Man in Black*, *Books and Authors*, the *Eccentricities of Fashion* and *Extracts from the Life of Richard Nash*, and others.

The editor of the *British Weekly* finds on investigation that the two best-selling writers of fiction in Great Britain now living are James Barrie and Rider Haggard. He says: "A new book by Mr. Barrie would, however, sell twice as many copies as one by Mr. Haggard. After these I would place Dr. Conan Doyle, while Mr. Kipling comes fourth. After him Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Crockett, who run each other hard." With the exception of Hall Caine and Mr. Haggard, these writers are all young men and, comparatively speaking, new writers, whose greatest works are probably as yet untouched.

Froude, in 1869, as Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, delivered an address on the demoralizing effect of the church on history. Soon after, Charles Kingsley, his brother-in-law, resigned the professorship of history at Cambridge, saying that no honest man could teach history any more. Thereupon these lines appeared, which are ascribed to Stubbs, the historian, now Bishop of Oxford:

"While Froude answers the Scottish youth
That persons do not care for truth,
The Reverend Canon Kingsley cries
'All history's a pack of lies!'"

"What cause for judgment so malign?
A little thought may solve the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley's a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history."

The Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York and Toronto, have in press the following new and important works: (1) *A Cyclopaedia of Social Reform*. This encyclopedia aims to give, on the broad range of social reform, the experiences of the past, the facts of the present and the proposals for the future. It puts side by side, in authoritative statements, the views, theories and utterances of all the schools of economic or social thought. Its subjects include the biographical, bibliographical, explanatory, historical, topical, embracing political economy, political science, sociology, treating of anarchism, charity organizations, civil service reform, co-operation, currency, finance and tax reform, direct legislation, individualism, land reform, proportional representation, municipalism, nationalism, penology, profit sharing, prohibition, socialism, social purity, trades unionism, woman's suffrage, etc., etc., prepared with the co-operation of many distinguished specialists. Many prominent public men urge the need of just such a work to aid in a solution of the many questions of the day appertaining to greatly needed reforms. It will be a large octavo, of at least one thousand pages. The price is set at \$6.

(2) *Little's Cyclopaedia of Classified Dates: A Ready-reference Compendium of Notable Events, in the History of all Countries, from B.C. 5,004 to A.D. 1895*. Size, 4 to; 1,200 pages. The student of Politics, Art, Law, Medicine, or of any of the professions or industries of civilization, or of the known events of barbarous peoples, will here find abundant and accessible historical data. The classification and arrangement, to facilitate lightning references, is said to be perfect. The price is set at \$6.00.

(3) A new edition of *The Library of Religious Poetry*, by the late learned Dr. Philip Schaff, of literary fame, and Arthur Gilman, M.A. This book contains a collection of the best poems of all ages and tongues, with biographical notices, and 15 full page steel engravings. The size is 8vo; 1,034 pages. Price, \$6.00. J. R. WYE.

Correspondence Coupon

This coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

NITA—My dear little girl, your writing is quite too juvenile for a serious study.

NATALIE—You have a good deal of character not yet fully developed. Firm will, decisive reasoning, some tendency to idealism, a very truthful, honorable nature, incapable of double-dealing. I think you will some day make a fine woman. You have considerable discretion and some ambition to excel.

MARSHALL—This study is a curious mixture of force and weakness. Quick thought, impatience of delay, some idealism and a refined and sensitive nature, (faint and tentative of opinions, apt at repartee, avers to demonstrative feelings, but capable of true devotion, with an utterly unreliable and erratic judgment and reasoning. Faint—A remarkably bright, ambitious and not always practical person, with strong self-will, excellent honesty and very good temper. This man might be led, but never driven, and should be handled wisely and carefully. Reasoning powers are good, but purpose and constancy are disappointingly light and trifling. The writer is probably a popular and agreeable man.

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tioned, with good self-esteem, firm will, tenacity, and a little more disposition to look on the dark side than you should have. You have sufficient discretion and some social instincts, are anxious for perfection and careful of details. I think you are a deliberate and positive person and would not be easily influenced.

M. J. C.—This is a decided and forceful nature, adaptable, generous, self-reliant, discreet to caution, with a good deal of power and much energy. I miss any suggestion of humor, but I fancy this person has a keen eye to whatever he may have in view and doesn't stop for nonsense. There is marked original talent and some susceptibility, with a tendency to pessimism.

SWIFT SIXTEEN.—You need not pity Torontonians in the summer, for we generally enjoy it very much. Of course, we have not the Bay of Fundy, but the heat here is rarely intense; the lake keeps down the temperature cool, and the air is sweet-tempered, fond of effort, and desirous of approbation, discreet to caution, somewhat idealistic, and not very quick of perception. Your lines lack the decision which will come with time.

DAFNE.—An apology is not necessary when sending in a story; what else is this column for? Your writing shows a confident and not always discreet nature, a want of artistic perception and a certain coarseness of method. You have not perfected the art of pleasing and praising your neighbors. I think you are a trifle unreciprocative and far from susceptible; you are neat, orderly and refined, and your judgment is remarkably reliable.

AN ORIGINAL BULL.—Sometimes the six lines of original matter exactly corresponds with the handwriting, sometimes it is fully contradicted, and there you are! You are honest and good-tempered, refined, slightly inclined to give way under trial, somewhat confident and fond of having people about you, affectionate, and of quick thought and bright mentality. You are apt to be set in your own opinions, but I think you are yet against a well developed study.

M. B. M.—It would have been quite safe, for I don't know anything about the Ambitious City's lay-out. Your writing shows good sequence of ideas, some adaptability, a practical and firm purpose, caution well marked, impulse strong and the whole study suggesting decided individuality. You lack the graceful quip and quirk that wins a woman's character pretty; you are rather of the generous and imposing style, with a taste for ruling and directing others.

JENNIE LEBRON.—You are not yet what you will be, but you have plenty of character now, my dear; frankness, heroism, social instincts, and a very honorable and markedly energetic personality are yours. You cannot reason, but you are firm in purpose, decided in will, and are to be the idol of many friends. I hope your Master will see clearer some day, and in the meantime your graceful submission is most lovable and sweet. If she could only see the rage for cycling in the Old Country, where voting isn't a boon particularly desired!

GEORGE G.—I. Why should not I think your name is

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George when you sign it as! Not that it matters in the least whether you are Tom or even Dick. 2. Your writing shows much perseverance, some adaptability, a very decent temper, love of beauty, especially if it takes the form of a nice woman, some ambition and a good deal of optimism. As to what I could promise of you in business, my friend, you have caution, good reasoning powers, rather defective judgment, and honesty of purpose, with a good deal of confidence in yourself, so you ought to be sure of a measure of success.

N. M. BROWN.—Shake hands, dear Paddy, for the sake of old Ireland. I hope your Celtic soul has possessed itself in patience during the long wait I've given you. Seriously, this is a neat study you sent me. You are imaginative and of bright mental power, obstinate, persistent, generous, affectionate, and, as every Irishman should be, fond of the girls. You are impulsive, forceful and determined, quick in action and a bit touchy in temper. You like your own way and know your own mind, and fear neither substance nor shadow. Arrah, go away with you, you are a nice sort of fellow.

BABY MURDER.—Are you not of near kin to The Square Hand? You should have more adaptability and a more buoyant and pliable nature generally. I think in many respects your writings are identical. Your description of baby minding is so funny. When baby sleeps you're in heaven; when he wakes he's in and you're out, "for it's such a little heaven there isn't room for two." You made me laugh, though I can't sympathize from experience. You are a very canny and cautious personage, and you have the upward outlook which I miss in the study of The Square Hand.

ENGLISH MARY.—Your writing certainly shows a carelessness of detail, lack of regard for appearance, and want of concentration, which may be general attractiveness. It is altogether the effort of a person who takes things as they come without bestirring herself to mould them into better shape, but who should have more perception of duty and control of impulse. You have plenty of animation, brightness and a certain sort of ambition, but your character needs a firm purpose and a definiteness. I like you well for your good qualities, while I am sorry they are not better developed.

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The Drama.



MASSEY Hall has this week quite overshadowed the theaters in the importance of its attractions, with Conan Doyle Monday night, and David Christie Murray Tuesday night, and T. D. Sullivan Thursday night. To treat of Dr. Doyle first, no person who was present Monday night could fail to come away without an enhanced opinion of the man who has written detective stories that rank high in literature, and who has largely contributed to the present revival of the historical novel when experts had for long deemed it dead. He is a strong man who holds himself thoroughly in hand. He seems to regard himself not as a wonder, but as a worker. He spoke for an hour, and necessarily about himself, yet his tone was so dispassionate that the audience had not had enough of it when he ceased, for there was not the faintest odor of egotism in it all. It was made plain that he regards his Sherlock Holmes stories as apart from the real literary work of his life, yet he realizes that at present these lighter creations overshadow his historical novels. It can readily be believed that he has received angry letters from all parts of the world protesting against the way he allowed Sherlock Holmes to meet a violent and premature death at the very zenith of his power. He says that if he had really committed a murder he could not have been more execrated. If Dr. Doyle received no letters of complaint from Canada it was because we felt that to complain were useless, after the fatality. But does not the survival of the detective's brother afford the author a chance for occasionally giving us a story of this special brand?

It was to me a pleasant surprise to hear Conan Doyle speak in terms of unqualified praise of Edgar Allan Poe's detective creation, Monsieur Dupin. By a coincidence our reviewer in another part of the paper, whose matter was handed in previous to Dr. Doyle's lecture, points to Edgar Allan Poe as the first writer of artistic short stories in English. Dr. Doyle seems to hold this view and he warmly eulogized Poe and especially for his creation of Monsieur Dupin. This contained a surprise, because in *A Study in Scarlet*, Sherlock Holmes is made to speak of Dupin as a very inferior fellow, possessed of some analytical genius, but very showy and superficial, while as for Gaboriau's Lecoq, he was dubbed a fool outright. This seemed harsh and unjust to Dupin and it is pleasant to hear Sherlock's



creator give him a rebuke. Still, it must be owned that Dupin's exploits were inferior to those of Sherlock Holmes, and, when we reflect, did he not bore us with long theorizings and maundering when we were itching for the secret he alone could tell us—hang Dupin! Holmes wasn't a bit too hard on him. It will always be said, nevertheless, that Dupin set Sherlock Holmes thinking.

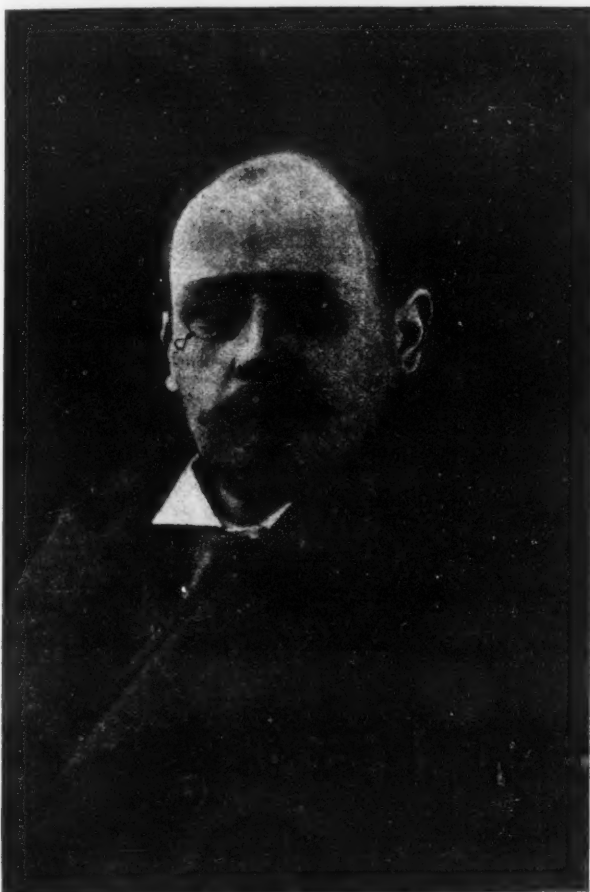
Dr. Doyle in one of his books quarrels with Carlyle's definition of genius, "an infinite capacity for hard work." He says this is a very satisfactory definition of what genius is not. I see that in his present story in *The Idler* he has, no doubt unconsciously, scored this point on Carlyle for the second time. The definition does seem most unhappy, yet Dr. Doyle impresses one as the sort of genius Carlyle had in view. He strikes you as a man with an infinite capacity for work. By way of preparation he read one hundred and fifteen volumes treating of the period in which is set his story *The White Company*. It may be that he is right in saying that he is deficient in that observation which he deems essential in a detective, but as a novelist his source of strength seems to be in his patient observation and analytical treatment of facts, events and emotions. Robert Louis Stevenson has confessed that he produces nothing without the severest toil, and thus Carlyle's definition seems to fit these two

men. Dr. Doyle stated on Monday night that *The Cloister and the Hearth* was in his opinion the greatest novel of the century, and he quoted Charles Reade as saying that he "had milked three hundred cows into his pail, but the butter was his all the same"—referring to the books he had read preparatory to writing his own. Reade, too, then, had an infinite capacity for work.

The selections read by Conan Doyle from his own works were very happily chosen. He gave samples of Sherlock Holmes' remarkable powers of deduction, and I am sure whetted everyone's appetite for a complete reading of the twenty-six stories in which the detective figures. *The Lord of Chateau Noir*, a short story which has appeared in an English periodical, but not yet in book form, is evidently one of the strongest he has written, judging from the portion which the author read to us. To all who have read even a portion of his works the lecture of Conan Doyle was an unmitigated and rare pleasure. It

me in good stead on that occasion. I do not want to boast but to state a fact—we drove the sixty Greeks from the place with our fists." They then emerged with revolvers drawn and walked backwards to their hotel, followed by an angry mob which eased its feelings by breaking the windows of the hotel into which the adventurous Englishmen retreated. He holds that to be a scion of a boxer is an invaluable accomplishment. David Christie Murray made a host of friends in this town, who will keep track of him and his books hereafter. Should it be possible to have him return for another lecture it is safe to say that Massey Hall would be taxed to hold the crowd that would come out to welcome him.

Swiftly in the wake of Dean Hole, Conan Doyle, and David Christie Murray, comes the inimitable Max O'Rell to Massey Hall, Dec. 3. As a popular attraction he no doubt surpasses all the others, for he has made several tours in America, and as a humorous critic and caricaturist of men and customs is unri-



Max O'Rell

Lectures at Massey Music Hall Monday Night.

would seem that the newspaper men of Toronto pestered the good-natured novelist without mercy during his stay here. He was the guest of Dr. Latimer Pickering and that gentleman's residence was besieged by reporters desiring to have Dr. Doyle apply the Sherlock Holmes method of deduction to the Westwood case. Newspaper men may be called the entered apprentices of literature, and the glimpse of things which the first degree affords them should enable them to understand that the creation of a Sherlock Holmes does not make Conan Doyle a detective any more than the jungle stories make Rudyard Kipling a rhinoceros or a mugger.

David Christie Murray will probably carry away a very poor opinion of Toronto, and it must be confessed that the city did not do itself credit Tuesday evening. Perhaps six hundred people were scattered throughout Massey Hall to hear the lecture *Peace and War*. This is a volunteer town. Here the martial spirit is all-embracing. The children drill at school with wooden guns and tin swords, and when boys attain a proper size they jump into the militia as a matter of course. It might have been supposed that Massey Hall would have been crowded when one of the greatest war correspondents of the day lectured there on *Peace and War*. David Christie Murray is not only a man who demonstrated his energy and courage in various battlefields, but he is one of the best known of novelists, a public speaker of repute, a parliamentary critic with an intimate knowledge of European public men. As a speaker, of course, he excels Dr. Conan Doyle. He is naturally an orator, and through his eventful life, practice has given him command of all the arts of speaking. A few red coats sprinkled his audience, but they were as rare as to simply constitute a reproach to our militia. Mr. Murray spoke for an hour and a half, and the audience would cheerfully have lured him into talking until midnight. His stories of English statesmen were very entertaining, as he is a clever mimic. Disraeli is his favorite mark, and as he told stories of the great Conservative leader and imitated his methods of utterance, we were once again strikingly impressed with the resemblance, both of person and character, between Disraeli and Sir John MacDonald. His description of a burning mine and of the rescue of those imprisoned below was one of the finest bits of word-painting conceivable. His description of the horrors witnessed by him in the Russo-Turkish war conveyed the full tragedy of the thing to everyone's consciousness. It was a revolting picture, almost too revolting to reveal to an audience not properly forewarned. It is unusual to hear an elegant, scholarly man express regret at the decadence of the prize ring, but Mr. Murray did so. He was relating an adventure wherein a drunken German had provoked a roomful of Greeks until they attacked him. Four English men, of whom Mr. Murray was one, came to the German's defence. They put back to back and fought the sixty Greek ruffians. "In my youth," said Mr. Murray, "I was a pupil of the Tipton Slaughter, and his words of wisdom stood

valued. He is ahead even of Chauncey Depew as a story teller, the fact that he is a professional without railroad and other interests to divert his attention, while Depew is but an amateur, giving him an advantage. French in his instincts, the features of English character stand forth clear to his view as they cannot to a native however observant. His books are mines of humor and anecdote, and John Bull and His Island, English Hypocrites and French Crocodiles, John Bull & Co. (just out), are splendid reading. In the last-named he gives Canada, Australia and the other British Colonies his attention. He can neither write nor speak without telling choice anecdotes. Max O'Rell will lecture on Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen on Monday night and will give us a jolly hour's talk.

Mr. T. D. Sullivan's lecture occurring so late in the week, it is impossible to do more than promise a few comments next week upon what this scholarly Irishman has to say about his country and its politics.

Miacco's City Club at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week is a show that deserves to be discouraged. It is not the style of entertainment that we want to see flourish in this town. As one in sympathy with the drama I consider it most unfortunate that it should be here at a time when the theater is being attacked and means are being sought for hampering the whole future of the business in Toronto. It would not be surprising to find that the City Club with its senseless improprieties of speech and song had turned the uncertain tide against the class of show to which it belongs, and that hereafter posters will not only be inspected, but a public censor appointed to sit in judgment upon every show that comes to town. It would not take many performances like the City Club to cause such a censorship to be demanded. I can imagine nothing more fatal to the dramatic art in this town than to have Inspector Archibald made censor, yet even his unhealthy prudery is more to the public taste than T. E. Miacco's ideas of amusement. The public should not be at the mercy of one extreme or the other. Somebody should stand guard between us and the offensive things in the City Club performances, and the sooner such power is conferred the less likelihood exists of its being conferred upon an extremist like the present Morality Inspector. Stage songs, stage displays and stage jokes are growing more of a festive and suggestive every year. There will be a reaction unless the thing is well generated, and then, for years, we shall have to amuse ourselves at a nobby-pamby theater—shall have to take even our Shakespeare with Archibaldian amendments. To see females in tight dresses do not offend or harm the average theater-goer. In this respect the City Club performance is not offensive, but nearly every singer and joke-maker goes out of his or her way to say or sing suggestive things and make improper references. Perhaps Fanny Everett can sing, but she gives us inharmonious things in the way of songs that make no pretense at anything but being daring and indecent. Thomas H. Nolan is the same. If there is nothing unclear in his songs and his accompa-

niment of winks, then they are purposeless. Harry Bryant in his jokes is at times as vulgar as the rest. Scarcely the show is extra good, its people are clever, and if they were not kept so busy saying improper things they might be very entertaining.

Sam T. Jack's Creoles are giving a show at the Academy of Music, which may be described as a mixture of minstrelsy, vaudeville and living pictures. Tom Brown, the protean artist, gives a good imitation of first a Chinaman and then a banana man. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh are clever, and the show all through elicits applause enough, but what struck me most was the extravagant language of the programme. It would appear that the Creoles rivals the African in a love for big words. The thing is full of Terpsichorean Triumphs, and other many-syllabled features.

My Partner is a good melodrama and pleased the patrons of the Grand during the latter half of last week. Special Delivery, which is running this week, is a fair comedy drama, with an interesting plot.

The most important lecture announcement of the present season seems to be the forthcoming visit of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, who has the enviable reputation of being the greatest orator in America and has been secured for one night in Toronto after long negotiations and at great expense. His subject will be Anarchy and Plutocracy, and it is safe to say the Pavilion will barely hold all who will wish to hear this brilliant and gifted speaker. The tickets are placed at one dollar and special means will be taken to prevent speculation.

The annual entertainment of the Ancient Order of Foresters took place on Thanksgiving evening in Massey Hall and was a pronounced success, the hall being crowded in every part. Miss Agnes Knox was at her best and delighted the audience by her rendering of *The Moffatt Mail Guard* and *Preparing to Receive Company*. The musical part of the programme was well sustained by Miss Lillie Kleiser and H. M. Blight. Walter H. Robinson and James Fax. Mrs. H. M. Blight was the accompanist. The proceeds were in aid of the Hospital fund of the order.

Miss Jessie Alexander is much in demand by Scotch societies this season. During the past week she has given her monologue, *Coaching in Scotland*, at five St. Andrew's anniversary concerts from Montreal to Detroit. She is also engaged by several of the Scottish societies through New York State for recitals in January.

For the first time in years Toronto playgoers, old and young, will have an opportunity of seeing a genuine English Pantomime Co. Christmas week at the Academy. James R. Adams, the famous pantomime clown and comedian, will produce his pantomimical farce-comedy, entitled *A Crazy Lot*, in which he will appear in his famous character of Humpty Dumpty.

The attraction announced for the Academy next week is *The Police Patrol*, a scenic melodrama that has always been well received in Toronto. The management has spared no expense in mounting this production with magnificent scenery, and shows the real patrol wagon and the identical historical horses, known as the White Patrol, that saved the lives of scores of police officers in the Anarchists' riot at Haymarket square, Chicago, some years ago.

Next week at the Grand we shall see Sardou's great play, *Madame Sans Gene*, and at Jacobs & Sparrow's *The Trolley System*.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black gives her annual recital in Association Hall on Monday evening, December 3.

The costume entertainment given on Tuesday evening by children attending Holy Trinity Sunday school was a successful little affair and reflected credit upon those who instructed the performers. Particular care had been bestowed upon the dressing of the various pieces presented, and the children were letter-perfect in their parts. Winnie Lewis, Edna Dower, Emily Miles and Georgie Baker were among those who had important parts and acquitted themselves well.

A Charming Elocutionist.

One of the most progressive entertainers before the Canadian public this season is Miss Annie Louise White of New York, whose clever versatility as an elocutionist was proved during a most successful tour through the province last season.

Last season Miss White's programme consisted of miscellaneous selections of wide va-



Annie Louise White.

riety, but this year she has something quite new and unique in the form of a monologue entitled *Friday May*, in which the talented young lady's remarkable versatility and ability for mimicry find full scope.

The initial performance of *Friday May* was given in Boston and received with great enthusiasm, and an ovation of applause greeted the fair artist at the conclusion.

Miss White has a handsome, graceful and pleasing presence, and most expressive face as a glance at the accompanying photograph will prove.

The Stream.

For Saturday Night.

Why sings the silvery stream,
Which wanders, round the hill,
And calm as in a dream
Utters with yonder rill?

Wild winter's days draw near,
And cold its waters grow;
But there abides no fear,
Nor sorrow in its flow.

It sang its merry lays
In spring and summer's prime,
In autumn's dreary days
More music marked its rhyme,

It saw the lily fade;
The royal rose grow dim;
Still down the golden glade,
It hummed its forest hymn.

The frost, the ice, the snow
Will gather on its brink,
And willows, bending low,
Will stoop in vain to drink.

But far below the frost,
Beneath the ice and snow,
Its voice, nor hushed, nor lost,
Sings ever with its flow.

O stream, that doth rejoice,
In winter as in spring,
Give me thy perfect voice,
That I may ever sing.

ALBERT R. J. F. H. SHARD.

The Life I Wish.

For Saturday Night.

I envy not the warrior's name,
Which smites the people's hearts with awe,
Nor mighty Caesar's ancient fame,
Whose dreaded word was instant law.

No! not for me the tyrant's bliss,
Which sends like glories in a groan,
More blest the slave who kneels to kiss
The feet of Meroy on the throne.

I scorn the empty title show
Attendant on the rich and great,
Which lives upon another's woe,
And fills the poor with grief and hate.

Away with pomp! Away with pride!
Let every selfish aim begone!
I'll toil, and hope what'er befalls,
That higher things may bear me on.

That nobler life I would attain,
That comes of pure unselfish deeds,
That helps to bear another's pain,
And up the heavenly pathway leads.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON.

Memories.

For Saturday Night.

Black pines on the mountain's height,
And a lock of her tresses (I pine);
To where Ontario's waters bright
Stretch far as eye can strain.

White sands by a tropic sea,
And the heat of the south land's breeze;
In the climes where love is warm and free,
And hate is cruel as death.

Grim London's mighty roar!
The mother of nations' heart.
Heart of the land that evermore
Will not her glorious part.

City of light and joy!
Where the sea runs to the sea,
Where life is a jest, and love's a toy,
And false as false can be.

Days on Germania's strand!
Where Strauss's mighty fame,
Looks o'er a conquered land
To the hills of fair Lorraine.

The dull Canadian town,
Set in the woodland's gray,
Where life has neither tear nor frown,
Vacant from day to day.

But still that dark pine glade
On the mountain heights I see—
There was one I met 'neath its murmuring shade,
That was all the world to me.

REYNOLD GOBELAY.

Kate.

For Saturday Night.

As sweet as violets in May,
Smiling, bright as a summer day;
Always laughing, always gay,
Charming Kate.

Eyes that flash like a firefly's light,
Fighting, red, oh me! what bliss
It would be to have the sight to kiss
Sweet Kate.

Lips that seem just made to kiss,
Pouting, red, oh me! what bliss
It would be to have the sight to kiss
Sweet Kate.

But when my love so true I plead,
A merry laugh is her only need;
A tantalizing maid indeed
Is Kate.

Still my love does not grow cold,
And ere long these arms shall hold
Treasures more precious far than gold,
My Kate.

LONDON, ON.

H. C. SCRIBANTON.

In the Years After the Sale.

She sits at her glass with musing heart,
And thinks of the days that were,
Before she sold at the world's great mart
That face so passing fair.

And she wonders what he would give and give,
If out of that glass could rise
A face that lies dead in the years that are fled,
With the hope and the trust in its eyes.

Autumn Herbert in his New Volume.

The Dead Babe.

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In agony I knelt and said:
"O God! what have I done,
Or in what wise offended Thee,
That Thou shouldst take away from me
My little son?"

"Upon the thousand useless lives,
Upon the guile that vanishing thieves,
Thy wrath were better spent!
Why shouldst Thou take my little son?
Why shouldst Thou vent Thy wrath upon
This innocent?"

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
Before mine eyes the vision appeared
Of things that might have been:
Lionel's riot, cruel strife,
Forgotten prayers, a wasted life
Dark red with sin!

Then, with soft music in the air,
I saw another vision there:
A Shepherd, in whose keep
A little lamb, my little child,
Of worldly wisdom or diled,
Lay fast asleep!

Last night, as my dear babe lay dead,
In those two messages I read
A wisdom manifest:
And, though my arms be childless now,
I am content, to Him I bow,
Who knoweth best

Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

Between You and Me.

ONE hears smart things in the street cars occasionally when some bright couple bounce in upon the severely silent rows of men and women and continue their conversation until the more observant party notices the rapid attention of the nearer wayfarers, and nods a warning or whispers a "hush" of caution. Yesterday such a pair invaded our solemn company; brimful of life and buoyancy they were, and also of chatter. "Toronto's the greatest place I ever saw for clubs and charities," she said, with emphasis. "Yes," he agreed, "have a good time themselves, and see that other people have a chance, too," which is not, on the whole, a bad character to tack to a city.

"But," said the lady aforesaid, with a shrug of her shoulders, "did you ever see such out-of-date hotels? Style of the year One. Everyone locked in their rooms before half-past ten, no fun for transients, no cards, no music, for all the world as if we were a parcel of commercial men who only needed a corner to sleep." The man laughed and glanced around the car. "Just you wait till Sunday," he said, with a shake of his head; "no cars, no people about down town, unless the volunteers are good enough to go to service somewhere." She sighed. "I am going to Hamilton on Saturday," she said quickly. I am sure they both are wondering yet at the grin I and a couple of others displayed.

I don't think we, in our homes up town, realize the grimness which Toronto shows to her Sunday guests. I never thought much about it until chance took me down town on Thanksgiving afternoon, and then the giddy trolley was rushing about, and the motorman was livening the way by a gong-dance, so that things were only half as dead as they might have been. But on Sunday, the wide bare streets are still, a few men, fewer girls, loaf or lounge; the hotel guest drives through a wilderness of grim silence, and if I were the hotel guest I think I'd stay in bed all day! I wonder do the angels in the Golden City, atmospherized with light and resonant with harmony, look down and smile at our notion of religion!

By the way, talking of clubs, there is a club which I am praying for and which I hope to see yet filling a cruel gap in our goodness to those who need it. There are, in our streets, scores of growing fellows, the men of the near future, to whom a merry, bright-lighted, well managed club-room would be an untold pleasure. These men of the near future wear ambiguous clothing and indescribable hats; their bodies are neither cared for nor nourished nor clothed as they should be and might be; their visits to the barber are few, and their laundry bill is light, but they are our boys, they will be our men, and I would to God someone with the money and the time could accept my good-will to these fellows and, with these three things, give them what they need—an earnest, wise and hopeful helping hand. The boys of Toronto have always been a burden on my heart. Those uncouth, warm-hearted, dirty-faced boys, in the very grasp of temptation, with untrained force and impulses, so easily turned to good or evil! Few men and women do the boys justice; their cleverness, their endurance, their patience and their goodness to each other are things greatly overlooked. They are bad, as bad as I care to imagine sometimes, but I wouldn't have anything to do with a boy who isn't very bad sometimes. The badness is there, and if it doesn't come out now it will later, and worse. Besides, badness is easier to forgive in the unsettled, immature, ignorant boy than when it takes deliberation and the force of maturity. The trait I adore in these boys of the street is their scorn and derision of gush and cant. Just get a newsboy to describe an interview with some pious and sentimental old lady or some straight-laced, dogmatic, patronizing person, and if you don't laugh, nothing funny is in you! Dear people of Toronto, there are absurd jokes upon the mission bands who send fans to Greenland and red flannel petticoats to Africa. What shall we say of the people who send thousands of dollars to a young men's college in the States, while here there are hundreds of young hearts needing friendship, young souls needing light, young bodies pinched and unclean and young minds empty of that higher thought which only comes through education and guidance from wiser minds! How preachy I have grown! Well, you may take comfort; this is the only subject on which I am liable to touch the pockets of my readers! But I wish, how much I scarcely can express, for the bright building, the swarm of boys, the fun and the good of a club for the street boys, newsboys, messenger boys, all sorts of boys, some of whom I have discussed the subject with, and who need this thing so badly in Toronto.

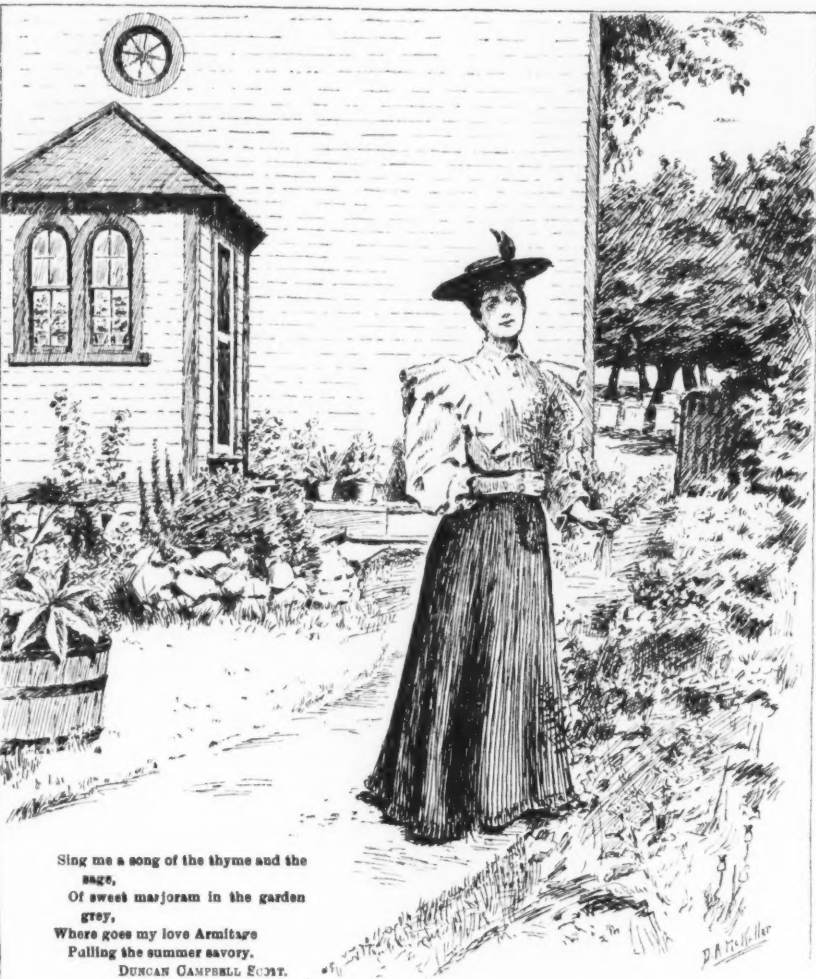
The other day in the train I got hold of a most charming and lucid article, which perhaps some of you women who asked me for reading pointers would think over and benefit by. It is in the *New Science Review* and its name drew my attention, Mental Training, a Remedy for Education. It is hopeful and encouraging, and helpful to the very type of writer who asks for recipes to make conversation. It gives one the secret of that delightful creature the happy impromptu speech-maker, of that invaluable being who gets his money's worth out of a picture gallery, a play or a jaunt through foreign parts. Following its plain precepts and smart hints, every one of us can in time attain to each of these envied heights, and I hope those who hunt up and study this article will get as much light and self-knowledge as I did.

Maude—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate? Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her. Maude—Yes? Ethel—Kate told her.

Marie—Now, Charley, here is a wish-bone which Bridget gave me. Which ever of us gets the longest half will get their wish. (They break the bone and Marie wins.) Marie (tantalizingly)—Oh, good! I wished that I would marry an English lord. Charley (dryly)—So do I.

Art Specimens From "Ninety-Five."

The Annual Holiday Souvenir of the Toronto Art Students League.



Sing me a song of the thyme and the sage,
Of sweet marjoram in the garden grey,
Where goes my love Armitage
Picking the summer savory.
DUNCAN CAMPBELL ECOST.

'Varsity Glee Club Concert.

Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, who sings at the 'Varsity Glee Club concert in Massey Hall on Friday evening, December 14, is a Buffalo lady and a decided favorite in Toronto.

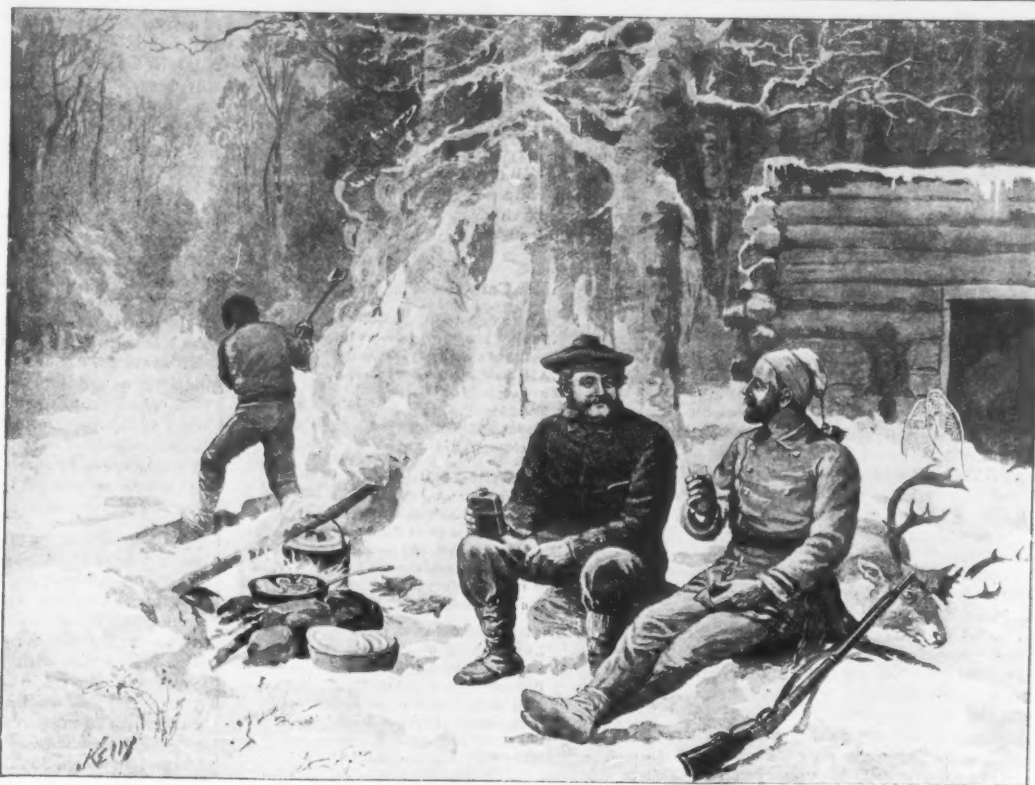
is her native place, and at an early age she developed musical qualities, filling an engagement in a church quartette at fourteen years of age. She studied several years in Buffalo, and then went to New York to the best masters, the famous Hungarian, Francis



Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes
Contralto 'Varsity Glee Club Concert.

Mrs. Holmes is a member of the quartette at Temple B-th Zion, Buffalo, and for several years was solo contralto at Westminster church, New York, afterwards filling a similar but more important position in First church, same city. Mrs. Holmes has achieved the success that a fine voice, charming appearance and delightful singing are sure to bring. Buffalo

Korby, Herr Reinold Hermann and Mr. William Courtney. Mrs. Holmes will be cordially received here, and as other exceptional talent will share the honors with her, the concert, which is under the patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, is sure to be a social and musical success.



TAKING A NIP.



EARLY SNOW

The Palette Club Exhibition

SOME people have missed more than they know, or would care to miss if they did know, in these last two weeks in not going to see the collection of pictures that the Palette Club are exhibiting. Possibly should Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Reid and one or two others offer to give away, in the hope of educating us to a somewhat higher appreciation of art, a small canvas from his own brush to each visitor, there would still be a few who would need to be reminded of the day and hour. The absurdly small fee of ten cents is the charge of admission to this, by far the best exhibition given by the Palette Club, the most advanced art association we have, perhaps. Mr. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mr. Blake naturally draws the attention first as being the largest canvas, and holds it then as being a splendid piece of work in its solid breadth of treatment. Next to this is a canvas by a brother of the above named artist, Mr. Louis Grier, who has been living in Australia, he believe, but who is now in England. It seems to be taken from some very high point and is a view at Dittisham on the Dart; as far as we can understand, the tide is out, leaving the sands bare in places and the fishermen are laying their nets. It is treated in a free, broad style. Mr. Reid's panel Resting is a delight to the eye in its bright, harmonious color and pleasing composition. There is weariness well expressed in the reclining figure with rake still in hand. More solid and realistic is City and Country; the two little faces in shadow are especially good. Mrs. Reid's largest canvas is also a country scene in which the color is kept in a light key; it is the standing figure of a young girl. Two bright little landscapes and several flower pieces are from the same brush. Mr. Carl Ahrens has been successful in his treatment of the landscape with a flock of turkeys; he generally expresses a great deal of tender feeling in his simple subjects, as for instance in Moonlight on the Marsh, but in Dutch House the values seem to have gone wrong, so that we have neither dark nor daylight. One of Mr. Atkinson's best canvases is his Evening Scene, with the flock of sheep seen by the light of the waning day and rising moon. Possibly objects at such a time would appear more hazy. Mr. Challenger has several bright, sunny landscapes. In the Pa-

ing Shower a boy seated at the window watches the heavy clouds; it is more interesting from its good technical qualities, especially in the figure, than from its subject. The Mountain Brook is a charming woodland view with the little stream "keeping sweet time to the air she sings." Mr. Manly shows a number of water-colors and a little autumn sketch that has pleasing color. He is a little too definite sometimes in his outlines to give good atmospheric effect. Mr. Patterson's portrait of Professor Chapman is highly satisfactory, the posture easy. Miss Ford has some very unrealistic work in the Vintage; her little landscape is beautiful, but rather spoiled than aided by the figure of the seated child. Mr. Cruickshank's figures are small in his Chicks, too small to show the features, but the watchful attitude of the mother and the half-frightened one of the child are well given. Mr. Bell-Smith's Point Neuf, Paris, seems a variation of what we have seen before, very fine in its hazy effects, as is also the view in the Luxembourg gardens; he has also two small portraits. Mr. O'Brien seems to have forsaken water colors entirely this time, and we cannot regret it, for the effects rendered in his oils are very charming, all coast scenes with one exception. This exception shows some lovely color in the upturned earth and autumn tinted bushes. One marine, of a boat with white sails seen through a mist, is especially fine. Mr. Staples has two sunny scenes, soft and hazy with summer sunshine, and in one the color and effect of the gleaned field with its stacked sheaves is well given. Mr. Jacobi is represented by one of his characteristic canvases. Miss Tully shows a portrait, also a fine color study in scarlet, in The Acolyte, and a fanciful illustration with a good deal of feeling of the words:

"A wind came up out of the sea
And said, 'O mist, make room for me.'"

The exhibition may be open for a few days in December and anyone who has failed so far to see this very varied collection of fine work should not fail to make use of this Saturday afternoon, or this may be one of the "might have been" they will ever regret.

He—Were you at the football game? She—No. He—Well, the score was 22 to 0. She—And what does that mean? He—None killed and 22 wounded.

"For a funny man, Mr. Wagg, you don't say many bright things." "No, Mr. Forker; and I notice that for a dealer in hams you strew singularly few of them around in society."

Short Stories Retold.

To-day tells of a poor woman who was talking to the district visitor about her various ailments, and how the doctor had prescribed for her "sluggish liver." "What beats me," she remarked, "is how them slugs get inside the liver."

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

Dr. Holmes, several years ago, asked a friend, "What is your idea of happiness?" And the prompt answer, "Four feet on the fender," gave him great satisfaction. Some time later, perhaps a year or more, this friend found Dr. Holmes in his study, sitting alone by the fire, looking not very happy. To the visitor's solicitous greeting came the reply, "Only two feet on the fender."

Suzanne Lagler was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Tallade, the original Pierre of the Two Orphans, and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "flashy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip-toe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the ladies cried from the gallery, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

A Missouri physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicine in Arkansas: "Dear Doc—I have a pashunt whose physical sides show that the windpipe has ulcerated off and his lung has dropped into his stomach. He is unable to swallow, and I fear his stomach is gun. I have given him everything without effect, his father is wealthy, honorable and influential. He is an active member of the M. E. Church, and God nose I don't want to lose him; What shall I do? Answer by return mail, yours in need."

Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, who died in 1835, was a very simple man with a thorough detestation of all affectation. One day, being in the market square of Richmond, he heard a dude of a fellow who had just purchased a turkey enquiring for a man to come along and carry it home for him. Marshall volunteered and, in his plain dress not being recognized, was given the turkey. He carried it home and accepted a shilling as recompense. When the victim of the joke found out later that his porter was none other than the celebrated Chief Justice of the United States, his emotions were conflicting.

It was the 21st April, 1821. Dr. I. P. Frank, the eminent governor of the University Hospital, Vienna, lay on his death-bed, and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the eight leading medical men of the capital gathered around his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing. "What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends enquired. "A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battle-field of Wagram lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacredieu!' he exclaimed, 'it takes eight bullets to kill a French grenadier. Gentlemen, there are eight of you, too.' Thus he spoke, and expired in a fit of laughter."

Dr. Dowling of New York was speaking of the incompatibility of a union of Church and State in this country. He said: "Patrick and Biddy had been a long time married, but did not get along well together, for they were almost continually quarreling. It happened, however, that one day when they were sitting together opposite the fire, in came the cat and dog, and lay down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy speaks up and says: 'Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarreling; see the cat and the dog, how peaceably they get along.' 'Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie them together and see how they'll act.'"

When a man tempts fate by reminding a spinster of her condition, his punishment is generally swift and sure. In a county of Ireland, where the Quakers were numerous, the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their quarterly meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the Friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," responded the ready Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. "Tis because I am not so aisy pleased as thy wife was."

Max O'Rell in John Bull and His Island tells a host of good stories. Apropos of hanging he says that whilst the Shah of Persia was on a visit to England some years ago, he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of Eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment on hearing that the rope gave instantaneous death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a criminal on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no prisoners lying under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper, when, recollecting himself, he cried, "That's no objection; I will let you have one of my suite." Doubtless the members of the Shah's suite thought England a fine country to live in.

Pellissier was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms, and flattered by the fact that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor intro-

duced him to the master of the house, saying: "Line for line, exactly like this," whereupon she took her departure. Pellissier, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter. "I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the Tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell—
They're known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybe—
When anybody looks at her
She curtsies most precisely;
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,
A village like a toy one.
Its tiled roofs rise /eath dappled skies,
Whose light showers don't annoy one,
'Tis clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it;
And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Erequire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful she will say—
Least she should fly, though blindly—
"Aunt Lucy's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I thank you kindly!"
"Aunt Lucy—I am not certain, quite—
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acres"
"I think the turning to the right
Will bring you to the baker's."

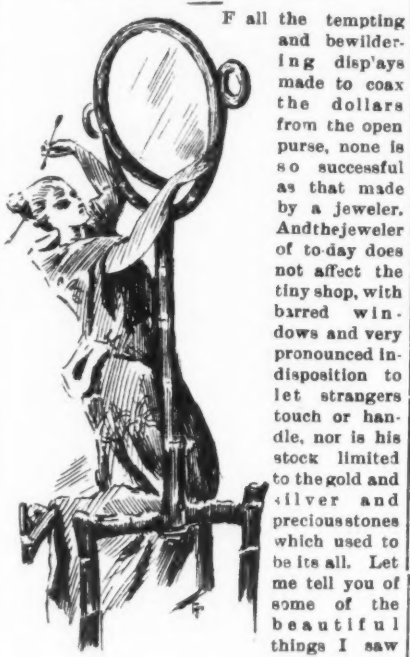
She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—
The big, best cup—and fills it;
And brings the parson's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knee
And sips it at his leisure—
"A careful little maid," says he,
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her fills are crisp and snowy;
Her not-brown hair is meek and sleek
In weather wild and blowy.
The other children have the praise—
If cross or careless they be—
Of all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share
Gained options bawdy;
She's made of china, some declare;
And some of sugar-candy.
Dear little heart! Should she confess,
She's sometimes rather lonely,
This very pink of perfection,
Aunt Lucy's one and only.

—Helen Gray Cone in St. Nicholas.

For Christmas Presents.



F all the tempting and bewildering displays made to coax the dollars from the open purse, none is so successful as that made by a jeweler. And the jeweler of to-day does not affect the tiny shop, with barred windows and very pronounced disposition to let strangers touch or handle, nor is his stock limited to the gold and silver and precious stones which used to be his all. Let me tell you of some of the beautiful things I saw in a leading shop one day lately, when in answer to my demand for new pretty things to write about, its showcases were opened that I might see and admire without stint. To begin with the loveliest alligator skin Gladstone bags for ladies, with just a wide oblong space lined with moire for small articles of clothing, and underneath a deep drawer that pulled out from the outside with combs, brushes, whisk, mirror, soap-case and everything a woman's toilet table should have, cunningly stowed away, each under its own strap. And in this lady's Gladstone there was no flask, which would be an omission if the dainty affair were to be one's companion on a rough sea voyage! But, for that matter, the man's bag, in tobacco colored seal, had never a little tidy bottle either, though I discovered a sly pocket, meant, I am told, for stationery, where one of the many chased and elegant silver growlers might be perchance found at a pinch. And for men were beautiful cigarette cases, with additional pockets for stamps and card-tickets; and silver card racks, to hold what

packs, with ivory counters, and a cheque cutter in ivory and silver, surely not to be used on any cheque under two figures, so elegant and dainty it is, with its little inch measure and tiny figures. Another fancy for a man's Christmas box is a double-edged dagger in an alligator sheath, and cigar cases in snake skin, and blotters with leather covers and pretty silver corners.

My lady who loves her housekeeping might have a chafing-dish for after-opera soup, or a beautiful pair of bronze candlesticks, with small bronze-framed plate glass mirrors mounted as reflectors, the candlestick being a pair of graceful figures, and a match tray being part of the affair. Another pretty household novelty was a case of individual cut-glass butter plates and spreader. There are boxes of spoons in the two new designs, the Imperial chrysanthemum and the Luxembourg enamel, in which latter design come complete sets of beautifully tinted spoons, ladies, sugar-tongs and sifters, cream ladies and everything needed for the tea and supper service, all in the new colors of the Luxembourg enamel.

And for her personal adornment, my lady has a combination tiara in diamonds, which can be unfastened and turned into bracelet, brooch and earrings, with aigrette of twinkling diamond lilies. Some very exquisite watches attracted my notice; one as large as a ten cent piece, one with a true-lovers' knot of lavender enamel and brilliants, yet another with a painted medallion set in pearls, and a fourth with a four-leaved shamrock, and dew-drops of diamonds. There was one lovely little affair with a double heart on its back of rubies and diamonds; surely such a device would hold back the busy hands, and such a watch would never point to midnight with a time-to-go-home expression on its face. I saw a Frenchy looking little set of collarette and pocket for holding a dance programme made in black and silver. The collarette was of black velvet drawn through a buckle that half-encircled the neck, and the dainty pocket was made of rings buttonholed in black twist, corner-mounted in silver, and slung by a pair of velvet bands from a bow at the belt.

Manicule sets, in silver, in soft chamois-covered cases, with scissors and implements many and mysterious, pocket-books and card-cases without number, made of the new and modish cerise morocco, or Java or Brazilian lizard, or even snakes or alligator skin, in green bronze mottled or tan, as the fancy or the skin demands. A purse in crocodile, olive tinted, another in green, a third in golden, tanned to a lovely tint, and a very dream of daintiness in fawn colored antelope with corners in silver, frosted, or as it is called by the trade, satin finish, and a pale delicate fawn silk lining, all pockets and funny little hide aways for car tickets, cheques, bills, and even the more homely and evasive quarters and dimes. This last purse is a Christmas-box for her whose gloves are of white or pearl and whose pocket is lined with pure and unsmirched silk. Scent and salt bottles in cut-glass with lace work of silver overlaying them; silver library sets for my lady's davenport; silk and silver mitt-holders; in fact, silver things without number, and all for practical use, in this matter a blessed contrast to many of the Christmas-offerings with which one's well intentioned friends break one's heart.

LA MODE.

Thanks for courtesy and information are given to The J. E. Ellis Co., Limited.

He Didn't Know About Oranges.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time, my man?
Boggs—They cotched me a-stealing oranges, yer worship.
Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?
Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but yer didn't say a word about oranges.

Wait Another Month.

Miss Dasky—Am dem de black stockin's you tote me 'bout buyin'?
Miss Saffron—Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely, an' dey only cos' seventy-five cents.
Miss Dasky—Am dey silk?
Miss Saffron—Not 'xactly, but dey're jes' as good.
Miss Dasky—An' will dey wash?
Miss Saffron—Dat I don't know; I see only had 'em fo' weeks!—The Epoch.

An Enthusiast.

At a local football match the home team were playing in their very best form, to the great delight of their supporters. Their forwards, by a good piece of combination, made a brilliant run right up the center of the field, which ended in a magnificent goal. The spectators went wild with delight. One more enthusiastic than the rest was waving a large stick, with which he hit one of those standing near, knocking a tooth out. The injured one exclaimed: "Houd' on, oud mon, does ta know tha's

knocked me a tooth a't'?"

The other replied:
"Get away w' tht, tha soft head, what's a tooth to a goal like that? Hurrah!"—Tit-Bits.

A Ruse.

Observant Citizen—That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge!

Conductor—No, Capitalist.
"I should have taken him for a judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look."

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Injured Innocence.

First little bootblack—Please, sir, gimme the job. I've got a sick little brother who is a cripple and is blind.

Second little bootblack—Let me shine 'em up. I'm that sick little brother he's talking about who is blind. I don't want to be under no obligations to such a liar as he is, and I can see better than he can, and he ain't got no other brother in the fast place.—Sunday Mercury.

Hotel Clerk—We can give you all the home comforts here. Uncle Abner (from Squeah-wet)—Mister, I want more'n that, when I come to a city hotel. I kin git home comforts to hum.

"What was the first money you ever earned, Hicks?" "Money I didn't get," said Hicks; "my mother cut off my curls when I was a small boy and wore 'em herself. I must have saved her thirty or forty dollars."

"No, George," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected!" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine if you will."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"
"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Tender-hearted damozel—I think fishing is cruel. The idea of putting a worm to the torture of having a hook run through him is awful to me.

Witherby—It doesn't hurt the worm.
Tender-hearted damozel—How do you know?
Witherby—How? Why, I've put worms on hooks dozens of times and never heard a murmur from 'em.

Nourishment.

This Word Embeases More than Ordinary Specifics.

Nourishment is the Corner-stone of Health—What Food is Intended to Do—Avoid Secret Mixtures When Trying to Get Well.

The ordinary specific or secret nostrum affords only temporary relief. For instance, you may buy some ordinary specific to cure a cold and find temporary relief in the stimulant or tonic contained in the mixture, but the remedy does nothing to cure the weakness that allowed you to take cold. Consequently when you are subject to another attack you will succumb in the same way with more serious results.

This is what leads to consumption. The same illustration applies to hundreds of other complaints. If you are poorly nourished, you will lose flesh, take cold easily, and gradually grow weaker until your health is seriously impaired.

Nourishment means everything to health. Food is designed to nourish the body, overcome wasting and give to every part of the wonderful human machinery the right substance to keep it in working order. But we all know food frequently falls short of the mark. It may be that the digestive organs are out of order. There may be some internal demand upon nourishment made by some unnatural condition. The most learned physician is frequently puzzled to know the cause of a decline in health, but one of the first things he thinks of is to prescribe a nourishment that will counteract the wasting or other unnatural condition.

In all cases of wasting Scott's Emulsion is the most effective cure. It has many uses because it is both a concentrated food and medicine, and the word "wasting" signifies much that Scott's Emulsion is especially designed to overcome.

All of the stages of decline of health even to the early stages of Consumption, are cured by Scott's Emulsion. Loss of flesh and strength are speedily overcome and as a cure for all affections of throat and lungs, like Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs and Bronchitis, Scott's Emulsion has no equal.

Babies and children find in Scott's Emulsion the vital elements of food that make sound bones and healthy flesh. Rickets, marasmus, and all wasting tendencies in children are cured also. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret mixture. All of its elements can be traced by the chemist. It contains no worthless or harmful drugs. It has been prescribed by physicians for twenty years and has a clean record back of it.

For sale by all druggists, 50 cents and \$1.

She Told Him.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?
Jack—Yes.
Tom—What did she say?
Jack—She said it was none of my business.—Yankee Blade.

Look Out for Cold Weather.

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Cultured Boston.

Weeks—Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie "Aristotle" yet?
Wentman—No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup.—Exchange.

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the Troy Budget contains this item:
An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true."

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

He Couldn't Walk.

A Confederate soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And he sat there the picture of despair.

"Git up, man!" exclaimed the captain; "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They will get you sure."

"Can't do it!" he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of their poor dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. At he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled:

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more."

"Thunder," replied the soldier. "You don't call this walking, do you?"—War Relic.

His Sin is Not Unique.

The doctor had told Farmer Chawhays that his hours were numbered. Then the good old man beckoned the physician to his side.

"Doc," said he, "there is somethin' I orto tell you 'fore I go."

"All right," answered the doctor.

"It is only this, doc; I been a sort of hippocrit for these last twenty years. All the women folks has give me credit for bein' so true to Sarah Ann's memory that I never married again, an' I've allowed 'em to think that was the reason. Truth is, them there fifteen years I lived with Sarah Ann gimme all the experience in marrit life that I wanted, an' that's the reason I stayed a widower."—Cincinnati Tribune.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1894.—MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, Ontario.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

Write for gratis pamphlet to COFFIN & SONS, 73 Victoria St., Toronto. Head Offices—London, Glasgow and Manchester (G.B.); Cologne, Germany; Aarau, Switzerland.

KOFF NO MORE

Watson's Cough Drops

Will give positive and instant relief to all those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists.

R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Trust, the only trust that will cure Rupture permanently, has his office in the Royal House Block, Toronto. Those who are wearing Trusses of any kind, and more especially physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

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AN ABSOLUTE CURE ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI FOR INDIGESTION. SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT 6 and 8 Jordan Street This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the best quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUNLIGHT SOAP LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!

DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

New Organ From Toronto.

An Epoch in Church Music in the North-West

Some interesting particulars of the new Grace Church instrument—An organ from the establishment of R. S. Williams & Son, Toronto, which is creating satisfaction in Winnipeg.

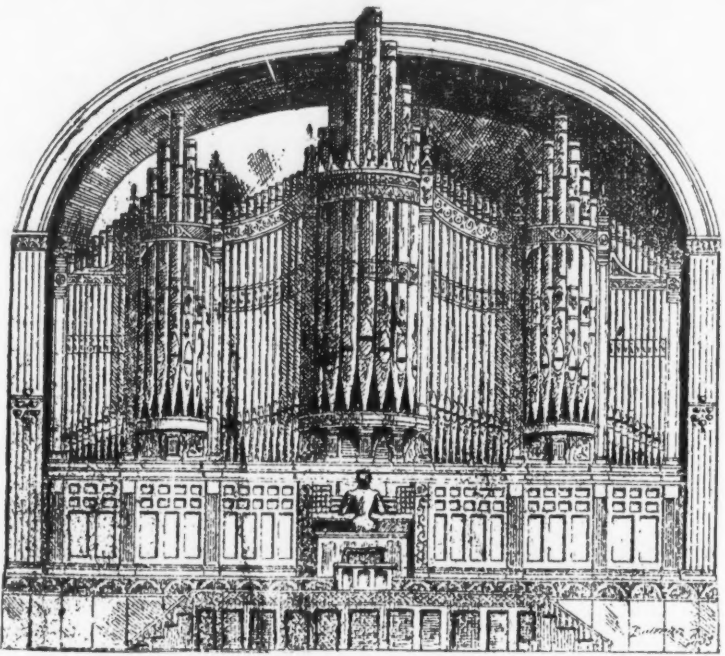
From the Manitoba Free Press.

The erection of the large pipe organ in Grace church marks an important epoch in this line of enterprise, inasmuch as it is the first attempt at a system of mechanism (or action, as it is usually called) that is entirely new in the North-West, and, in fact, somewhat uncommon in the older portions of Canada. The action heretofore in use is called the "tracker" action, made almost entirely of wood and subject to many disadvantages, the most serious of which are noisiness, heaviness of touch, especially when coupled up, and liability to damage from sudden changes of temperature, dampness, etc. This last feature is, of

of iron rollers, patterned after the French school, and works with perfect ease and freedom from noise.

The combination pedals are so made that the organist may, at option, arrange one or all of them for any set of changes or combinations from one stop to the full power of the organ. The means that are at the disposal of the organist for variety are almost inexhaustible.

The voicing, on which chiefly depends the success of the instrument, is the work of the French artist, Mr. Rheinberg, who is now engaged in the tedious but important work of tuning the pipes. His reputation is such that lovers of music may look for special beauty of quality in the separate stops and an effective ensemble when the whole organ is being played. It is probable that the opening of the organ will take place early in December, and the church authorities have engaged Mr. Horace W. Reynier, A.R.C.O., organist of the church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, to come to Winnipeg for the occasion. The people of Grace church, and, in fact, the citizens generally, may congratulate themselves upon the possession of an organ



course, a most important one in such a climate as ours. In the new Grace church organ the system used is a combination of pneumatic and tubular actions, each key being connected with its own particular pipe by lead tubes and groove boards, an arrangement that is not in the least affected by climatic changes. The organ is being constructed by R. S. Williams & Son of Toronto and the designing, "laying out" and building are the work of their skilled artists, who proceed upon the latest methods of the best modern European schools, methods that are for the most part quite new. The accompanying cut gives but a partial idea of the beauty of the case, which is made of antique oak, richly carved and paneled and highly polished, and surmounted by three towers, on which rest the largest front pipes (all speaking). The front is richly decorated in tint that harmonize nicely with the prevailing colors of the interior of the church.

The front of the organ is thirty feet wide, twenty-nine feet high and twenty feet deep, and contains a great organ, swell organ, choir organ and pedal organ.

All the key action is operated by Messrs. Williams and Son's new system, and when all the couplers are on the action responds quickly to the delicate and easy, but firm, touch, which is so delightful to the performer. Notwithstanding the great distances that separate the various portions of the organ, the response obtained from the pipes is instantaneous, a most desirable feature.

The pedal sound board is constructed on an entirely new system, and is so arranged that the larger pipes do not rob the smaller ones of their wind, which usually happens in organs built on the old plan.

The bellows, of which there are two, are moved by a rotary movement, and are constructed with inverted ribs, and have regulators, which are accessory reservoirs, placed directly under the wind chests. By this means a constant and ample supply of wind is obtained. The bellows for the pedal organ is of a heavy pressure.

The draw-stop action is worked by a system

that is in all particulars "up to date." The specification is as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.

- 1—Double open diapason 16 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 2—Open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 3—Mantle, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 4—Doppie flute, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 5—Wald flute, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 6—Principal, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 7—Twelfth, 3 1/2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 8—Fifteenth, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 9—Mixture, 3 ranks, metal, 183 pipes.
- 10—Trumpets, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN.

- 11—Bourdon reble, 16 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 12—Bourdon base, 16 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 13—Open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 14—Viol di gamma, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 15—Concert flute, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 16—Aeoline, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 17—Sipid diapason, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 18—Traverse flute, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 19—Violino, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 20—Flautino, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 21—Mixture, 2 ranks, 122 pipes.
- 22—Vox humana, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 23—Oboe, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN.

- 24—Geigen principal, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 25—Dulciana, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 26—Mandola, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
- 27—Harmonic flute, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 28—Harmonic piccolo, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
- 29—Clarinet, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN.

- 30—Double open, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
- 31—Violone, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
- 32—Bourdon, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
- 33—Violoncello, 8 feet, metal, 30 pipes.
- 34—Trombone, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.

- 35—Swell to great.
- 36—Swell to choir.
- 37—Choir to great.
- 38—Great to pedal.
- 39—Swell to pedal.
- 40—Choir to pedal.
- 41—Bellows signal.

Three combination pedals to great or, or, or.

Three combination pedals to swell organ.

Tremolo pedal to swell organ.

Pedal great to pedal double acting.

Not All Gain.

Up in one of Michigan's thriving counties lives a man who is about as regardful of a dollar or two as a man can well be and decent. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch of the neighborhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness in money matters. He finally married a widow worth in her own right \$10,000, and shortly afterwards a friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. That marriage was worth a clean \$10,000 to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite that much."

"Indeed! I thought there was every cent of ten thousand in it."

"Oh, no," and he sighed a little; "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tipping the Porter.

After Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car. "I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did.

"I left a package containing \$5,000 in bank notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9.15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor.

He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

Notice To Correspondents.

A Correction.—We most willingly make amends for an error in the Sinking correspondence of week before last, where Coon Moore is mentioned as becoming "intoxicated" while digging in a well, and in climbing out fell and hurt himself. Instead it should have read "asphyxiated." We very cheerfully make this correction, as we know Coon is not accustomed

to the work.

"Since then, fifteen years ago," she says, "I have kept in better health than ever before in my life, thanks to Seigel's Syrup. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs.) SARAH ELEANOR BAKER, 8 King's street, Church road, Tottenham, near London, September 30, 1892."

A dozen words more and we're done. Mrs. Baker's ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia nothing else and quite enough. The "ulceration" was inflammation of the inner coating of the stomach, a symptom of the disease. We wish her a long and happy life, and merely add that if all her sex could avoid or cure, this one trouble most of them might live to be as old as Granny Gorton.

The strong man sobbed. "Though you spurn me," he faltered, "I am not disheartened. The darkest just before the dawn." She flung open the shutters and gazed forth. "Believe you're right," she murmured; "I never noticed particularly before." Even then he seemed not to realize that the night had worn on apace.

Imperial Table Wine

Recommenced by the Medical Profession for Invalids.

40c. PER BOTTLE. \$2 PER GALLON

BROWN'S SCOTCH WHISKY—SPECIAL

CONVICTO PORT—VERY OLD

TEA, 25c. per lb., worth 40c. COFFEE, 30c. per lb.

NEW FRUITS—All kinds just arrived.

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GAS FIXTURES

GET QUOTATIONS FROM US BEFORE PURCHASING

FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

to becoming "half seas over." Correspondents, please do not use "big words" unless you understand their meaning. — *Country Exchange.*

Why She Fainted.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether, and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Granny Gorton's Birthday.

Saturday, January 21st, was a great day in Central Village, in the state of Connecticut, in America. On that day Mrs. Jonathan Gorton was one hundred years old and formally received her friends, of whom hundreds were present. She wore her best black silk gown, with a rose in the bodice. The venerable lady was seated in a comfortable arm-chair on a platform in the best room of her house. Then the train of callers filed through, each and all shaking hands with her. "Granny Gorton," as she is called, is a trim little body and very nimble on her feet. There was never anything ailed her, she says and except that her eyesight isn't quite so good as it used to be, she is as active as any woman of 50.

Why has Granny Gorton lived so long? Why is she so active now? She lets out the secret herself when she says: "There was never anything ailed me." That's it and all of it.

People who live 100 years are not so very rare. The deaths of forty-five such were reported last year in England—twenty-two men and 23 women. Yet, compared to the multitude who die, these are nothing—nothing. Can we not keep things from ailing us, and so live as long as Mrs. Gorton? Yes, if we will take the trouble to do it! Men and women 100 years old, strong, vigorous and clear headed, should be a sight so common as not to be remarked, and will be yet in the future. Why not so now? "Ask yourself the question," as the boatman say down on Deal beach.

Here's how it is: A woman's tale. She says she fell ill when a girl of about 15. She lost her appetite, had pains in the sides and chest, frequent headaches, and was often obliged to lie down on the couch and rest. All this did not promise long life, did it? No; it was a bad start.

Well, she got worse instead of better. She was often sick, vomited her food, and spitting up a sour fluid. For five years she went on this way. This brings us to October, 1831. She was then in service as parlor-maid at Leamington Hastings, Warwickshire. Here she suffered from constant sickness, retching, and heartburn. The chest pains were so bad as to bend her two double. No position that she could take relieved her. Her stomach was so tender and sore that everything she ate pained and distressed her. For months and months she only took liquid food—milk and beaten eggs, and so on.

She got weaker and weaker every day, so she says. Of course, how else could it be? A doctor at Rugby told her she had "ulceration of the chest," which she didn't at all. What is "ulceration of the chest?"

He gave her medicines and advice, but she grew no better on that account. This young lady was now about twenty years old, with a poor outlook for ever being much older. She didn't expect it, nor did her friends. Then another doctor, being consulted, said, "Ulceration of the chest," like his medical brother at Rugby. Both wrong.

"After six months medical treatment," she says, "I gave up my situation and returned to my home at Buxton Lamas, Norfolk. This was in June, 1832. Then I was taken so bad I had to take to my bed. My mother thought I was in a decline."

Now the word "decline" means consumption, as we all know; a disease common in England and invariable everywhere. Thousands of bright girls and young men "decline" into their graves every year in this populous province. Sad enough it is to see.

Well, at this point her good and wise mother interfered in her daughter's case. She gave the doctors the go-by and sent to Norwich for some bottles of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. In two weeks the young patient began to feel better, and in three months she got a new situation and went to work.

"Since then, fifteen years ago," she says, "I have kept in better health than ever before in my life, thanks to Seigel's Syrup. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs.) SARAH ELEANOR BAKER, 8 King's street, Church road, Tottenham, near London, September 30, 1892."

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THE

RECOGNIZED

TEN

CENT

CIGAR



A Terrible Country To Live In.

Mrs. Porkly—I often wonder how people manage to understand each other in France. Mrs. Gotham—How absurd!

Mrs. Porkly—I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other.—*Exchange.*

Fuel or Food



Sport (who had put a lunch of soft boiled eggs in his tobacco pocket)—Well, now, here is a dilemma! Shall I eat this or smoke it?—*Etiquette Butler.*

His clothes were much the worse for wear, and he had a hungry (and especially thirsty) look in his eye as he approached a gentleman who was on the point of entering his clubhouse. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but could you help me to get something to eat? I haven't had anything for three days." "Do you live in New York?" "Yes, sir, I have lived here all my life." "Ah, poor man! I don't see how I can help you, then. If you had been a non-resident, I could have asked you to dine with me at the club."

"Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what would you do?" "Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie. "That's right," said the teacher. "Yes, sir," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that I'd paralyze him."

Phyllis—I suppose Kenneth marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him? Mildred—Yes, partially. And partially what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.

Ladies!

WHY HAVE PALE FACES?

As anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many colorless cheeks we see at the present day.

An Anemic person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and fatigue, (faintness, breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation at coughs, etc.) neglected, chronic skin eruptions, etc., anaemia, dropsy and consumption follow.

Jolly's "Buckeye" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

Write to day to LYMAN BUCKEY & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box containing 60 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure. Price 50 cts., Post Free.

Why not be lovely?

JAMES' CLEANING AND DYEING WORKS, 153 Richmond Street W., Gentlemen's Suits, Overcoats, etc., cleaned, dyed and repaired. Ladies' Dresses, Jackets, Shawls, Gloves, Feathers, etc., cleaned or dyed with care; also Lace Curtains, Piano Covers, Damasks, Rugs, etc. Rugs renewed. Feathers cleaned and dyed. Kid Gloves cleaned. Ladies' Dress Goods cleaned or dyed. All orders promptly executed. Telephone 656.

DELICIOUS SWEET CREAM Delivered Twice Daily.

We make a Specialty of Whipping Cream.

KENSINGTON DAIRY, 453 1/2 YONGE ST.

Peasant (who has just insured his farmhouse)—What would I get if my house should burn down next week? Agent—In all probability, three or four years in prison.

Flora—I don't always do unto others as I'd have others do unto me. Clara—Of course not. It isn't a girl's place to propose to a man.

Misses—"Goodness, Bridget, to whom are you writing in those immense letters? Bridget—To my sister, mum; she's deaf and dumb."

Missionary (out West)—"Did you ever forgive an enemy? Bad man—Wunst. Missionary—I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife? Bad man—I didn't have a gun."

"How do you pronounce the word g-o-l-f, Mr. Hicks?" "I don't really know, Miss Wilkins. Some people call it golf to rhyme with Delph; some guff to rhyme with stuff; and a Boston girl I knew called it goff in a little verse she wrote, to rhyme with laugh."

Mother (near-sighted)—See that disgracefully intoxicated brute across the street? Where can the police be? Daughter (weeping)—Oh, ma, it's brother Bob! Mother (swooning)—Then the saloon keepers have been drugging that poor child again!



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ACHES

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Unexcelled in PURITY Faultless in FLAVOR

Is the world-wide reputation of Brown's XXX Special Selected Scotch.

On sale now by all dealers.

M. CORRY, Agent for Canada

HOWARTH'S CARMINATIVE

This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

Small Bottles, 10c. Large Bottles, 25c.

Send genuine without bearing name and address of

S. HOWARTH, DRUGGIST

243 Yonge Street, Toronto

Dry Kindling Wood

Delivered any address, 6 crates \$1.00; 12 crates \$2.00 (a crate) 1/2 cts. no much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street

Telephone 1870 or send Post Card.

Short Stories Retold.

To-Day tells of a poor woman who was talking to the district visitor about her various ailments, and how the doctor had prescribed for her "sluggish liver." "What beats me," she remarked, "is how them slugs get inside the liver."

Brahms dined one day with one of his fanatic admirers, and the latter, knowing the master's predilection for fine wine, had a bottle of renowned quality brought to the table toward the end of the repast. "This," he exclaimed, "is the Brahms among my wines!" The guest sipped of it, saying: "Excellent, wonderful! Now bring on your Beethoven!"

Dr. Holmes, several years ago, asked a friend, "What is your idea of happiness?" And the prompt answer, "Four feet on the fender," gave him great satisfaction. Some time later, perhaps a year or more, this friend found Dr. Holmes in his study, sitting alone by the fire, looking not very happy. To the visitor's solicitous greeting came the reply, "Only two feet on the fender."

Suzanne Lagier was a good actress, but extremely stout. She was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Tallade, the original Pierre of The Two Orphans, and this actor had at one moment to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the "fleshy" heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tip-toe in the usual manner, he was unable to move her an inch. At this juncture one of the duties cried from the gallery, "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

A Missouri physician received the following letter from a friend who is engaged in the practice of medicine in Arkansas: "Dear Dock—I have a pashunt whose phisical sines showe that the windpipe hav ulcerated off and his lung hav dropped into his stumick. He is unable to swallow, and I fear his stumick is gun. I hav give him everything without effect, his father is wealthy, onorable and influenshal. He is an active member of the M. E. Church, and God nose I don't want to lose him; What shall I due? Anser by return male, yours in nede."

Judge Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, who died in 1835, was a very simple man with a thorough detestation of all affectation. One day, being in the market square of Richmond, he heard a dude of a fellow who had just purchased a turkey enquiring for a man to come along and carry it home for him. Marshall volunteered and, in his plain dress not being recognized, was given the turkey. He carried it home and accepted a shilling as recompense. When the victim of the joke found out later that his porter was none other than the celebrated Chief Justice of the United States, his emotions were conflicting.

It was the 21st April, 1821. Dr. I. P. Frank, the eminent governor of the University Hospital, Vienna, lay on his death-bed, and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the eight leading medical men of the capital gathered around his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing. "What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends enquired. "A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battle-field of Wagram lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacrebleu!' he exclaimed, 'it takes eight bullets to kill a French grenadier. Gentlemen, there are eight of you, too.' Thus he spoke, and expired in a fit of laughter."

Dr. Dowling of New York was speaking of the incompatibility of a union of Church and State in this country. He said: "Patrick and Biddy had been a long time married, but did not get along well together, for they were almost continually quarrelling. It happened, however, that one day when they were sitting together opposite the fire, in came the cat and dog, and lay down between them and the fire, and also opposite each other. Presently Biddy speaks up and says: 'Faith, Patrick, isn't it a shame we should be always quarrelling; see the cat and the dog, how peaceably they get along.' 'Och, Biddy, sure and it isn't a fair comparison at all; just tie them together and see how they'll act.'"

When a man tempts fate by reminding a spinster of her condition, his punishment is generally swift and sure. In a county of Ireland, where the Quakers were numerous, the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their quarterly meetings. After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the Friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony. "Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?" "Certainly, friend William," responded the ready Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. "Tis because I am not so aisy pleased as thy wife was."

Max O'Rell in John Bull and His Island tells a host of good stories. Apropos of hanging he says that whilst the Shah of Persia was on a visit to England some years ago, he wanted to see how the English executed their criminals. The sight of torture is a favorite entertainment of Eastern monarchs. Accompanied by a numerous suite, he went to Newgate. Great was his disappointment on hearing that the rope gave instantaneous death. However, he decided upon seeing how the apparatus worked, and desired the governor of the prison to be good enough to execute a criminal on the spot. It was represented to him that there were no prisoners lying under sentence of death just then. He was about to lose his temper, when, recollecting himself, he cried, "That's no objection; I will let you have one of my suite." Doubtless the members of the Shah's suite thought England a fine country to live in.

Pellissier was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms, and flattered himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor intro-

duced him to the master of the house, saying: "Tine for line, exactly like this," whereupon she took her departure. Pellissier, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter. "I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation in the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the Tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."

A Careful Little Maid.

The people say in Dimpledell—
They've known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaves as well
As little Prudence Maybe.
When anybody looks at her
She curtsies most precisely;
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dimpledell,
A village like a toy one.
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies,
Whose light showers don't annoy one,
'Tis clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it;
And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Esquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful she will say—
Least she should fly, though blindly—
"Aunt Lucy's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I thank you kindly!"
"Aunt Lucy—I am not certain, quite—
Cream-cheese of Farmer Acres"
"I think the turning to the right
Will bring you to the baker's."

She takes the tea-cup from the shelf—
The big, best cup—and fills it;
And brings the parson's tea herself,
And never, never spills it.
The parson holds it on his knee
And sips it at his leisure—
"A careful little maid," says he,
Miss Lucy beams with pleasure.

Her slippers ne'er were known to squeak;
Her fills are crisp and snowy;
Her unt-brows hair is meek and sleek
In weather wild and blowy.
The other children have the praise—
It comes or careless they be—
Of all the prim and pretty ways
Of little Prudence Maybe.

The girls whose games she does not share
Gained options badly;
She's made of china, some declare;
And some of sugar-candy,
Dear little heart! Should she confide,
She's sometimes rather lonely,
This very pink of perfectness,
Aunt Lucy's one and only.

—Helen Gray Cone in St. Nicholas.

For Christmas Presents.



F all the tempting and bewildering displays made to coax the dollars from the open purse, none is so successful as that made by a jeweler. And the jeweler of to-day does not affect the tiny shop, with barred windows and very pronounced disposition to let strangers touch or handle, nor is his stock limited to the gold and silver and precious stones which used to be its all. Let me tell you of some of the beautiful things I saw in a leading shop one day lately, when in answer to my demand for new pretty things to write about, its showcases were opened that I might see and admire without stint. To begin with the biggest things, there were some of the loveliest alligator skin Gladstone bags for ladies, with just a wide oblong space lined with moire for small articles of clothing, and underneath a deep drawer that pulled out from the outside with combs, brushes, whisk, mirror, soap-case and everything a woman's toilet table should have, cunningly stowed away, each under its own strap. And in this lady's Gladstone there was no flask, which would be an omission if the dainty affair were to be one's companion on a rough sea voyage! But, for that matter, the man's bag, in tobacco colored seal, had never a little tidy bottle either, though I discovered a sly pocket, meant, I am told, for stationery, where one of the many chased and elegant silver growlers might be perchance found at a pinch. And for men were beautiful cigarette cases, with additional pockets for stamps and card-tickets; and silver card racks, to hold what

packs, with ivory counters, and a cheque cutter in ivory and silver, surely not to be used on any cheque under two figures, so elegant and dainty it is, with its little inch measure and tiny figures. Another fancy for a man's Christmas box is a double-edged dagger in an alligator sheath, and cigar cases in snake skin, and blotters with leather covers and pretty silver corners.

My lady who loves her housekeeping might have a chafing-dish for after-opera soup, or a beautiful pair of bronze candlesticks, with small bronze-framed plate glass mirrors mounted as reflectors, the candlestick being a pair of graceful figures, and a match tray being part of the affair. Another pretty household novelty was a case of individual cut-glass butter plates and spreader. There are boxes of spoons in the two new designs, the Imperial chrysanthemum and the Luxembourg enamel, in which latter design come complete sets of beautifully tinted spoons, ladies, sugar-tongs and sifters, cream ladies and everything needed for the tea and supper service, all in the new colors of the Luxembourg enamel.

And for her personal adornment, my lady has a combination tiara in diamonds, which can be unfastened and turned into bracelet, brooch and earrings, with aigrette of twinkling diamond lilies. Some very exquisite watches attracted my notice; one as large as a ten cent piece, one with a true-lovers' knot of lavender enamel and brilliants, yet another with a painted medallion set in pearls, and a fourth with a four-leaved shamrock, and dewdrops of diamonds. There was one lovely little affair with a double heart on its back of rubies and diamonds; surely such a device would hold back the busy hands, and such a watch would never point to midnight with a time-to-go-home expression on its face. I saw a Frenchy-looking little set of collarette and pocket for holding a dance programme made in black and silver. The collar-ette was of black velvet drawn through a buckle that half-encircled the neck, and the dainty pocket was made of rings buttonholed in black twist, corner-mounted in silver, and slung by a pair of velvet bands from a bow at the belt.

Manicure sets, in silver, in soft chamois-covered cases, with scissors and implements many and mysterious, pocket-books and card-cases without number, made of the new and modish ecrase morocco, or Java or Brazilian lizard, or even snakes or alligator skin, in green bronze mottled or tan, as the fancy or the skin demands. A purse in crocodile, olive tinted, another in green, a third in golden, tanned to a lovely tint, and a very dream of daintiness in fawn colored antelope with corners in silver, frosted, or as it is called by the trade, satin finish, and a pale delicate fawn silk lining, all pockets and funny little hide aways for car tickets, cheques, bills, and even the more homely and evasive quarters and dimes. This last purse is a Christmas-box for her whose gloves are of white or pearl and whose pocket is lined with pure and unsmirched silk. Scent and salt bottles in cut-glass with lace work of silver overlaying them; silver library sets for my lady's davenport; silk and silver maffholders; in fact, silver things without number, and all for practical use, in this matter a blessed contrast to many of the Christmas offerings with which one's well intentioned friends break one's heart.

Thanks for courtesy and information are given to The J. E. Ellis Co., Limited.

He Didn't Know About Oranges.

Magistrate—What is the charge against you this time, my man?
Boggs—They cotched me a-stealing oranges, yer worship.
Magistrate—Didn't I tell you when you were here before not to steal anything more?
Boggs—No, yer worship; you said not to steal any more lemons, but yer didn't say a word about oranges.

Wait Another Month.

Miss Ducky—Am dem de black stockin's you tole me 'bout buyin'?
Miss Saffron—Yes, dem is de ones, Cicely, an' dey only cos' seventy-f' cents.
Miss Ducky—Am dey silk?
Miss Saffron—Not 'xactly, but dey're jes' as good.
Miss Ducky—An' will dey wash?
Miss Saffron—Dat I don't know; I've only had 'em fo' weeks!—The Epoch.

An Enthusiast.

At a local football match the home team were playing in their very best form, to the great delight of their supporters. Their forwards, by a good piece of combination, made a brilliant run right up the center of the field, which ended in a magnificent goal. The spectators went wild with delight. One more enthusiastic than the rest was waving a large stick, with which he hit one of those standing near, knocking a tooth out. The injured one exclaimed: "Hou'd on, oud mon, does ta know tha's

knocked me a tooth a't'?"

The other replied:
"Get away w' tht, tha soft head, what's a tooth to a goal like that? Hurrah!"—Tit-Bits.

A Ruse.

Observant Citizen—That seems to be a very thoughtful man in the fourth seat front. Judge!

Conductor—No, Capitalist.
"I should have taken him for a judge or deep student by his straightforward, impressive look."

"Oh, he's only playing make believe that he's paid his fare, but I'll get him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Injured Innocence.

First little bootblack—Please, sir, gimme the job. I've got a sick little brother who is a cripple and is blind.

Second little bootblack—Let me shine 'em up. I'm that sick little brother he is talking about who is blind. I don't want to be under no obligations to such a liar as he is, and I can see better than he can, and he ain't got no other brother in the fast place.—Sunday Mercury.

Hotel Clerk—We can give you all the home comforts here. Uncle Abner (from Squeehawket)—Mister, I want more'n that, when I come to a city hotel. I kin git home comforts to hum.

"What was the first money you ever earned, Hicks?" "Money I didn't get," said Hicks; "my mother cut off my curls when I was a small boy and wore 'em herself. I must have saved her thirty or forty dollars."

"No, George," she said, "I can never be yours." "Then I am rejected!" he moaned. "No, dearest, not that; but I am a woman's suffragist and cannot be any man's. You, however, may be mine if you will."

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?"

"Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."

Tender-hearted damozel—I think fishing is cruel. The idea of putting a worm to the torture of having a hook run through him is awful to me.

Witherby—It doesn't hurt the worm.

Tender-hearted damozel—How do you know?

Witherby—How? Why, I've put worms on hooks dozens of times and never heard a murmur from 'em.

Nourishment.

This Word Embeases More than Ordinary Specifics.

Nourishment is the Corner-stone of Health—What Food is Intended to Do—Avoid Secret Mixtures When Trying to Get Well.

The ordinary specific or secret nostrum affords only temporary relief. For instance, you may buy some ordinary specific to cure a cold and find temporary relief in the stimulant or tonic contained in the mixture, but the remedy does nothing to cure the weakness that allowed you to take cold. Consequently when you are subject to another attack you will succumb in the same way with more serious results.

This is what leads to consumption. The same illustration applies to hundreds of other complaints. If you are poorly nourished, you will lose flesh, take cold easily, and gradually grow weaker until your health is seriously impaired.

Nourishment means everything to health. Food is designed to nourish the body, overcome wasting and give to every part of the wonderful human machinery the right substance to keep it in working order. But we all know food frequently falls short of the mark. It may be that the digestive organs are out of order. There may be some increased demand upon nourishment made by some unnatural condition. The most learned physician is frequently puzzled to know the cause of a decline in health, but one of the first things he thinks of is to prescribe a nourishment that will counteract the wasting or other unnatural condition.

In all cases of wasting Scott's Emulsion is the most effective cure. It has many uses because it is both a concentrated food and medicine, and the word "wasting" signifies much that Scott's Emulsion is especially designed to overcome.

All of the stages of decline of health even to the early stages of Consumption, are cured by Scott's Emulsion. Loss of flesh and strength are speedily overcome and as a cure for all affections of throat and lungs, like Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Weak Lungs and Bronchitis, Scott's Emulsion has no equal. Babies and children find in Scott's Emulsion the vital elements of food that make sound bones and healthy flesh. Rickets, marasmus, and all wasting tendencies in children are cured also. Babies and children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret mixture. All of its elements can be traced by the chemist. It contains no worthless or harmful drugs. It has been prescribed by physicians for twenty years and has a clean record back of it. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents and \$1.

She Told Him.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her her age?
Jack—Yes.
Tom—What did she say?
Jack—She said it was none of my business.—Yankee Blade.

Look Out for Cold Weather.

but ride inside the electric-lighted and steam heated vestibule apartment trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway and you will be as warm, comfortable and cheerful as in your own library or boudoir. To travel between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, or between Chicago, Omaha and Sioux City, in these luxuriously appointed trains, is a supreme satisfaction; and, as the somewhat ancient advertisement used to read, "For further particulars, see small bills." Small bills (and large ones, too) will be accepted for passage and sleeping car tickets. For detailed information address: A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, Toronto.

Cultured Boston.

Weeks—Well, how are things over in Boston? Have they named any new pie "Aristotle" yet?
Wentman—No-o. But I heard a man there ask for a Plato soup.—Exchange.

A Single Sentence.

A recent issue of the Troy Budget contains this item:
An experienced traveler says: "This is the strongest single sentence I ever saw printed in a railroad advertisement that I believed to be absolutely true."

"For the excellence of its tracks, the speed of its trains, the safety and comfort of its patrons, the loveliness and variety of its scenery, the number and importance of its cities, and the uniformly correct character of its service, the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is not surpassed by any similar institution on either side of the Atlantic."

He Couldn't Walk.

A Confederate soldier, after the battle of Antietam, and when his regiment was on the retreat, threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside, and exclaimed with much vehemence:

"I'll be dashed if I walk another step! I'm broke down! I can't do it!" And he sat there the picture of despair.

"Gilt up, man!" exclaimed the captain; "don't you know the Yankees are following us? They will get you sure."

"Can't do it!" he replied. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step!"

The Confederates passed along over the crest of a hill and lost sight of their poor dejected comrade.

In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly he appeared on the crest of the hill moving along like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled:

"Hello! thought you wasn't going to walk any more."

"Thunder," replied the soldier. "You don't call this walking, do you?"—War Relics.

His Sin is Not Unique.

The doctor had told Farmer Chawhway that his hours were numbered. Then the good old man beckoned the physician to his side.

"Doc," said he, "there is somethin' I orto tell you 'fore I go."

"All right," answered the doctor.

"It is only this, doc; I been a sort of hippocrit for these last twenty years. All the women folks has give me credit for bein' so true to Sarah Ann's memory that I never marrit again, an' I've allowed 'em to think that was the reason. Truth is, them there fifteen years I lived with Sarah Ann gimme all the experience in marrit life that I wanted, an' that's the reason I stayed a widower."—Cincinnati Tribune.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES

May 2nd, 1891.—MY DEAR SIRS,—I may say that I have used your Acetocura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I am yours truly, J. A. Henderson, M.A., Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines. Coult & Sons.

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

ACETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN PARALYSIS

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U. S. A., August 15th, 1894, writes: "I am 61 years old. For two years I have been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain has entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

Write for gratis pamphlet to COULT & SONS, 73 Victoria St., Toronto. Head Office—London, Glasgow and Manchester (G.B.); Cologne, Germany; Aarau, Switzerland.

KOFF NO MORE

Watson's Cough Drops

Will give positive and instant relief to all those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists.

R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkinson Trust, the only trust that will cure Rupture permanently, has his office in the Ruelin House Block, 1000 Broadway, New York. Those who are wearing Trusses of any kind, and more especially physicians, are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

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DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY A. H. HOWARD & CO.
53 KING ST. EAST
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FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE
ADAMS' PEPSIN
TUTTI FRUTTI
FOR INDIGESTION.
SEE THAT TUTTI FRUTTI IS ON EACH 5¢ PACKAGE.

THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT
6 and 8 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and cheap, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the best Quality, and the ALICE cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1090. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
LESS LABOUR GREATER COMFORT!

DOES YOUR WIFE DO HER OWN WASHING?

If she does, see that the wash is made Easy and Clean by getting her SUNLIGHT SOAP, which does away with the terrors of wash-day.

Experience will convince her that it PAYS to use this soap.

New Organ From Toronto.

An Epoch in Church Music in the North-West.

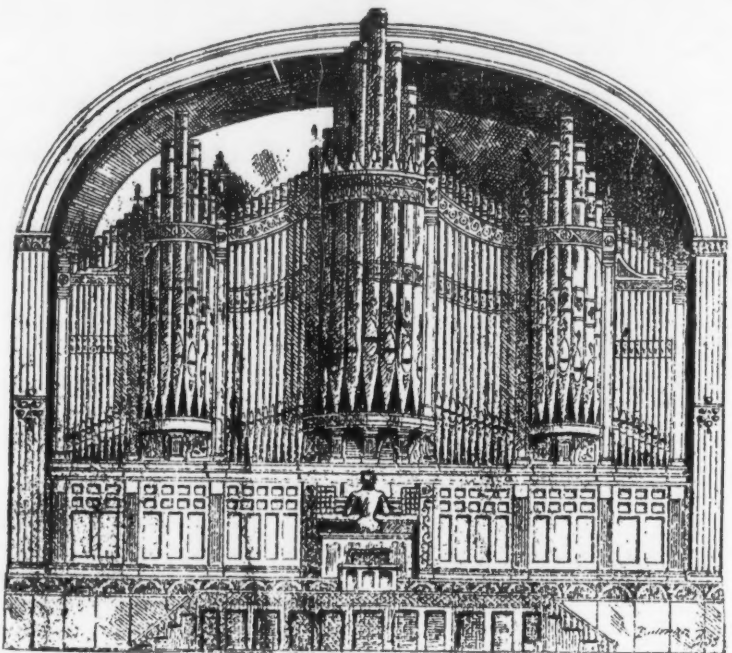
Some Interesting Particulars of the New Grace Church Instrument—An Organ from the Establishment of E. A. Williams & Son, Toronto, Which is Creating Satisfaction in Winnipeg.

From the Manitoba Free Press.

The erection of the large pipe organ in Grace church marks an important epoch in this line of enterprise, inasmuch as it is the first attempt at a system of mechanism (or action, as it is usually called) that is entirely new in the North-West, and, in fact, somewhat uncommon in the older portions of Canada. The action heretofore in use is called the "tracker" action, made almost entirely of wood and subject to many disadvantages, the most serious of which are noisiness, heaviness of touch, especially when coupled up, and liability to damage from sudden changes of temperature, dampness, etc. This last feature is, of

of iron rollers, patterned after the French school, and works with perfect ease and freedom from noise.

The combination pedals are so made that the organist may, at option, arrange one or all of them for any set of changes or combinations from one stop to the full power of the organ. The means that are at the disposal of the organist for variety are almost inexhaustible. The voicing, on which chiefly depends the success of the instrument, is the work of the French artist, Mr. Rheinberg, who is now engaged in the tedious but important work of tuning the pipes. His reputation is such that lovers of music may look for special beauty of quality in the separate stops and an effective ensemble when the whole organ is being played. It is probable that the opening of the organ will take place early in December, and the church authorities have engaged Mr. Horace W. Reyner, A.R.C.O., organist of the church of St. James the Apostle, Montreal, to come to Winnipeg for the occasion. The people of Grace church, and, in fact, the citizens generally, may congratulate themselves upon the possession of an organ



course, a most important one in such a climate as ours. In the new Grace church organ the system used is a combination of pneumatic and tubular actions, each key being connected with its own particular pipe by lead tubes and groove boards, an arrangement that is not in the least affected by climatic changes. The organ is being constructed by R. S. Williams & Son of Toronto and the designing, "laying out" and building are the work of their skilled artists, who proceed upon the latest methods of the best modern European schools, methods that are for the most part quite new. The accompanying cut gives but a partial idea of the beauty of the case, which is made of antique oak, richly carved and paneled and highly polished, and surmounted by three towers, on which rest the largest front pipes (all speaking). The front is richly decorated in tint that harmonize nicely with the prevailing colors of the interior of the church.

The front of the organ is thirty feet wide, twenty-nine feet high and twenty feet deep, and contains a great organ, swell organ, choir organ and pedal organ.

All the key action is operated by Messrs. Williams and Son's new system, and when all the couplers are on the action responds quickly to the delicate and easy, but firm, touch, which is so delightful to the performer. Notwithstanding the great distance that separates the various portions of the organ, the response obtained from the pipes is instantaneous, a most desirable feature.

The pedal sound board is constructed on an entirely new system, and is so arranged that the larger pipes do not rob the smaller ones of their wind, which usually happens in organs built on the old plan.

The bellows, of which there are two, are moved by a rotary movement, and are constructed with inverted ribs, and have regulators, which are accessory reservoirs, placed directly under the wind chests. By this means a constant and ample supply of wind is obtained. The bellows for the pedal organ is of a heavy pressure.

The draw-stop action is worked by a system

that is in all particulars "up to date." The specification is as follows:

GREAT ORGAN.
1—Double open diapason 16 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
2—Open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
3—Mantle, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
4—Doppie flate, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
5—Wald flate, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
6—Principal, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
7—Twelfth, 5 1/2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
8—Fifteenth, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
9—Mixture, 2 ranks, metal, 183 pipes.
10—Trumpet, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

SWELL ORGAN.
11—Bourdon flate, 16 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
12—Open diapason, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
13—Viol di gamba, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
14—Concert flate, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
15—Aeolian, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
16—Soprano, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
17—Soprano, 4 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
18—Violoncello, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
19—Violoncello, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
20—Flauto, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
21—Mixture, 2 ranks, 123 pipes.
22—Vox humana, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
23—Oboe, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

CHOIR ORGAN.
24—Gauguin principal, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
25—Dulciana, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
26—Mantle, 8 feet, wood, 61 pipes.
27—Harmonic flate, 4 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
28—Harmonic piccolo, 2 feet, metal, 61 pipes.
29—Clarinet, 8 feet, metal, 61 pipes.

PEDAL ORGAN.
30—Double open, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
31—Violone, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
32—Bourdon, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.
33—Violoncello, 8 feet, metal, 30 pipes.
34—Trombone, 16 feet, wood, 30 pipes.

MECHANICAL REGISTERS.
35—Swell to great.
36—Swell to choir.
37—Choir to great.
38—Great to pedal.
39—Swell to pedal.
40—Choir to pedal.
41—Bellows signal.
Three combination pedals to great or swell.
Tremolo pedal to swell organ.
Pedal great to pedal double acting.

Not All Gain.

Up in one of Michigan's thriving counties lives a man who is about as regardful of a dollar or two as a man can well be and be decent. He is a farmer in comfortable circumstances, and being thrifty, honest, industrious and a bachelor, he was considered quite the catch of the neighborhood, notwithstanding his painful exactness to money matters. He finally married a widow worth in her own right \$10,000, and shortly afterwards a friend met him.

"Allow me," he said, "to congratulate you. That marriage was worth a clean \$10,000 to you."

"No," he replied, "not quite that much."

"Indeed I thought there was every cent of ten thousand in it."

"Oh, no," and he sighed a little; "I had to pay a dollar for the marriage license."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Tipping the Porter.

After Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car. "I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did.

"I left a package containing \$5,000 in bank notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9.15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor.

He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"Yes, sah."

"You haven't turned it in?"

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds' eyes brightened when he saw the roll.

"That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money and it was all there, the entire \$5,000.

"Look here, porter," said the superintendent severely, "I want to know why you did not bring that package to me the moment you got your fingers on it?"

"Why, sah," replied the man, with an injured air, "I s'posed de gemman had left it for a tip, sah. That's why, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Notice To Correspondents.

A Correction.—We most willingly make amends for an error in the Sinking correspondence of week before last, where Coon Moore is mentioned as becoming "intoxicated" while digging in a well, and in climbing out fell and hurt himself. Instead it should have read "asphyxiated." We very cheerfully make this correction, as we know Coon is not accustomed

to the work.

"Since then, fifteen years ago," she says, "I have kept in better health than ever before in my life, thanks to Selge's Syrup. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs.) SARAH ELEANOR BAKER, 8 King's street, Church road, Tottenham, near London, September 30, 1892.

A dozen words more and we're done. Mrs. Baker's ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia nothing else and quite enough. The "ulceration" was inflammation of the inner coating of the stomach, a symptom of the disease. We wish her a long and happy life, and merely add that if all her sex could avoid or cure, this one trouble most of them might live to be as old as Granny Gorton.

The strong man sobbed. "Though you spurn me," he faltered, "I am not disheartened. The darkest just before the dawn." (He flung open the shutters and gazed forth. "I believe you're right," she murmured; "I never noticed particularly before." Even then he seemed not to realize that the night had worn on apace.

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FRED ARMSTRONG

277 Queen St. West

to becoming "half seas over." Correspondents, please do not use "big words" unless you understand their meaning. — *Country Exchange.*

Why She Fainted.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether, and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was." — *Philadelphia Times.*

Granny Gorton's Birthday.

Saturday, January 21st, was a great day in Central Village, in the state of Connecticut, in America. On that day Mrs. Jonathan Gorton was one hundred years old and formally received her friends, of whom hundreds were present. She wore her best black silk gown, with a rose in the bodice. The venerable lady was seated in a comfortable arm-chair on a platform in the best room of her house. Then the train of callers filed through, each and all shaking hands with her. "Granny Gorton," as she is called, is a tiny little body and very nimble on her feet. There was never anything ailed her, she says and except that her eyesight isn't quite so good as it used to be, she is as active as any woman of 50.

Why has Granny Gorton lived so long? Why is she so active now? She lets out the secret herself when she says, "There was never anything ailed me." That's it and all of it. People who live 100 years are not so very rare. The deaths of forty-five such were reported last year in England—twenty-two men and 23 women. Yet, compared to the multitudes who die, these are nothing—nothing. Can we not keep things from ailing us, and live as long as Mrs. Gorton? Yes, if we will take the trouble to do it! Men and women 100 years old, strong, vigorous and clear headed, should be a sight so common as not to be remarked, and will be yet in the future. Why not so now? "Ask yourself the question," as the hostess says down on Deal beach.

Here's how it is: A woman's tale. She says she fell ill when a girl of about 15. She lost her appetite, had pains in the sides and chest, frequent headaches, and was often obliged to lie down on the couch and rest. All this did not promise long life, did it? No; it was a bad start.

Well, she got worse instead of better. She was often sick, vomited her food, and spitting up a sour fluid. For five years she went on this way. This year, in October, 1891, she was then in service as parlor-maid at Leamington Hastings, Warwickshire. Here she suffered from constant sickness, retching, and heartburn. The chest pains were so bad as to bend her two double. No position that she could take relieved her. Her stomach was so tender and sore that everything she ate and months she only took liquid food—milk and beaten eggs, and so on.

She got weaker and weaker every day, so she says. Of course, if she could it be? A doctor at Rugby told her she had "ulceration of the chest," which she didn't at all. What is "ulceration of the chest?"

He gave her medicines and advice, but she grew no better on that account. This young lady was now about twenty years old, with a poor outlook for ever being much older. She didn't expect it, nor did her friends. Then another doctor, being consulted, said, "Ulceration of the chest," like his medical brother at Rugby. Both wrong.

"After six months' medical treatment," she says, "I got no more and was referred to my home at Buxton Lamas, Norfolk. This was in June, 1892. Then I was taken so bad I had to take to my bed. My mother thought I was in a decline."

Now the word "decline" means consumption, as we all know; a disease common in England and incurable everywhere. Thousands of bright girls and young men "decline" into their graves every year in this populous province. Sad enough it is to see.

Well, at this point her good and wise mother interfered in her daughter's case. She gave the doctors the go-by and sent to Norwich for some bottles of Mother Selge's Curative Syrup. In two weeks the young patient began to feel better, and in three months she got a new situation and went to work.

"Since then, fifteen years ago," she says, "I have kept in better health than ever before in my life, thanks to Selge's Syrup. Yours truly, (Signed), (Mrs.) SARAH ELEANOR BAKER, 8 King's street, Church road, Tottenham, near London, September 30, 1892.

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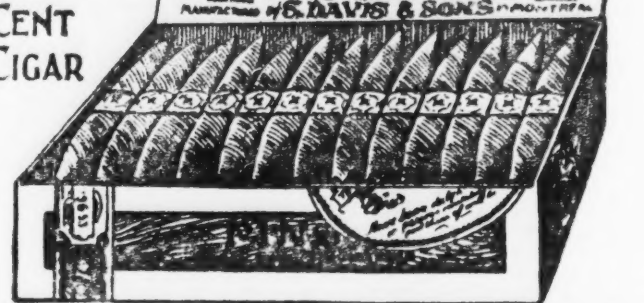
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A Terrible Country To Live In.

Mrs. Porky—I often wonder 'how people manage to understand each other in France. Mrs. Gotham—How absurd!

Mrs. Porky—I don't think it absurd at all. Both my daughters speak French, and they can't understand each other.—*Exchange.*

Fuel or Food



Sport (who had put a lunch of soft boiled eggs in his tobacco pocket)—Well, now, here is a dilemma! Shall I eat this or smoke it? —*Fliegende Blätter.*

His clothes were much the worse for wear, and he had a hungry (and especially thirsty) look in his eye as he approached a gentleman who was on the point of entering his clubhouse. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but could you help me to get something to eat? I haven't had anything for three days. Do you live in New York?" "Yes, sir, I have lived here all my life." "Ah, poor man! I don't see how I can help you, then. If you had been a non-resident, I could have asked you to dine with me at the club."

"Suppose, Bobbie, that another boy should strike your right cheek," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what would you do?" "Give him the other cheek to strike," said Bobbie. "That's right," said the teacher. "Yes, sir," said Bobbie, "and if he struck that I'd paralyze him."

Phyllis—I suppose Kenneth marrying you depends on what your father finds out about him? Mildred—Yes, partially. And partially what he finds out about papa. Fortunately, papa has the advantage of experience.

Ladies!

WHY

HAVE

PALE

FACES?

As anemia, or Poverty of Blood, is the cause of the many colorless cheeks we see at the present day. An Anemic person may be known by a pale complexion and colorless lips, accompanied by indigestion, debility or extreme irregularity, depression of spirits and fatigue, offensive breath, headaches, pains in the side and back, palpitation and coughs. If neglected, chronic skin eruptions, such as, drowsy and consumption follow. Jilly's "Buckskin" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion. Write today to LYMAN BROS. & Co. Sole Agents, 71 Front Street E., Toronto, for a box containing 60 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure. Price 50c. per box. Why not be lovely?

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Peasant (who has just insured his farmhouse)—What would I get if my house should burn down next week? Agent—In all probability, three or four years in prison.

Flora—I don't always do unto others as I'd have others do unto me. Clara—Of course not. It isn't a girl's place to propose to a man.

Mistress—"Goodness, Bridget, to whom are you writing in those immense letters? Bridget—To my sister, mum; she's deaf and dumb."

Missionary (out West)—"Did you ever forgive an enemy? Bad man—Wunst. Missionary—I am glad to hear that. What moved your inner soul to prefer peace to strife? Bad man—I didn't have a gun."

"How do you pronounce the word g-o-l-f, Mr. Hicks?" "I don't really know, Miss Wilkins. Some people call it golf to rhyme with Dolph; some golf to rhyme with stuff; and a Boston girl I knew called it goff in a little verse she wrote, to rhyme with laugh."

Mother (near-sighted)—See that disgracefully intoxicated brute across the street? Where can the police be? Daughter (weeping)—Oh, ma, it's brother Bob! Mother (swooning)—Then the saloon-keepers have been drugging that poor child again!



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Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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This medicine is superior to all others for Wind, Cramp and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething or other ailments. It will give baby sound, healthy sleep and rest, also quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Extensively used for the last forty years. Testimonials on application.

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Music.

AT HIS meeting on Friday evening of last week, Mr. Moody tendered a rather involved explanation of his meaning when he stumbled into the unfortunate error of denouncing classical music as "stuff," etc. As reported in the daily papers, his apology, explanation, or whatever it might be termed, ran after this fashion: "In thanking the choir for their services, Mr. Moody explained that when he used the word 'artistic' music he merely meant the setting of old words to new tunes, which tunes smothered the words and spoiled the hymns. This the musicians termed artistic music, but he thought it nothing but an abomination!" I would appear from this astounding and somewhat amusing declaration that Mr. Moody, unlike Luther and the Wesley family, has sadly neglected his musical education. The assertion that musicians deem the smothering of words an artistic feat should be accepted with some reserve. The great evangelist evidently has a vague idea what he would desire to say on this subject, but as yet his efforts in this direction have not been crowned with any marked success. A further explanation of his explanation might perhaps make his meaning clearer. There is an old German proverb, "Schuster bleib bei deinem Leisten," which translated reads, "Cobbler, stick to your last." The force of the good advice contained in this homely adage has a peculiar application in this case, for it seems that Mr. Moody's opinion of what a musician deems artistic in his art is as wide of the mark as his original denunciation of the best and purest in music as "stuff." Luther, the great reformer, held that church music should be utilized as a part of worship or anything else, it should prove the very best and noblest obtainable. Luther's conception of church music is, I take it, the average musician's ideal of the artistic in the art divine. The peculiar brand of musicians who aim at the artistic through the "smothering of words" are fortunately not a predominating factor in the ranks of the profession on this side of the boundary-line.

J. Hamfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F. R. C. O., teacher of theory at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, has been appointed examiner at Trinity University with Dr. Kara of England.

Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. have published a charming arrangement by J. Hamfrey Anger, of a traditional Christmas Carol for soprano solo and chorus. This clever contribution to the music of the approaching festival season will prove a most effective addition to the repertoire of church choirs taking it up. The soprano obligato is accompanied by a humming chorus, an arrangement which is especially adapted to the quiet and restful character of the words, the title of the carol being Peaceful Night, an adaptation, if I mistake not, from the old carol Stille Nacht Heilige Nacht, which one hears in every German home, whether in this country or in the Fatherland.

The Ancient Order of Foresters' Concert on Thanksgiving night in Massey Hall attracted a very large and appreciative audience. The following artists participated: Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano; Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone; Mr. James Fax, humorist; Mr. Morrison, cornetist, and Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist and solo organist. The programme, which was of a popular character, was admirably carried out. A considerable sum must have been netted for the Hospital fund, in aid of which the concert was given.

Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, the well known vocal teacher, formerly of Toronto, has been appointed to take charge of the oratorio department at the National Conservatory of Music of America at New York, of which Dr. Anton Dvorak is director. A class is also to be formed of all the pupils studying solo singing at the Conservatory for the study and public performance of unaccompanied choral music. A pupil of Mr. Haslam, Miss Augusta Marshall, contralto, made a successful debut at Cheltenham Hall recently and has been engaged to sing at the important concerts of the Academy of Music, New York.

One of the most successful and enjoyable of the many Thanksgiving evening concerts was that held in the Central Methodist church. The church was crowded to the doors by an audience numbering probably fifteen hundred people. Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. Harold Jarvis assisted the choir in a programme, the general excellence of which was most creditable to the energetic and capable organist and choirmaster of the church, Mr. Jeffers. The work of the assisting artists has been so frequently commented upon in this column that it is simply necessary to state that they repeated their successes of former years. A special word of praise is due to the choir of the church for their admirable work on this occasion. There was at all times evident the most careful and faithful regard for points of expression and a promptness in attack, which indicated the thorough character of the training received by the chorus. The quality of tone and intonation as well might have served as an object lesson to many of our local choirmasters. This was especially noticeable in Leslie's charming sacred part-song, The Pilgrims, which was excellently rendered.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer, under the direction of Mr. Walter Robinson, rendered a special programme of Thanksgiving music on Wednesday evening of last week, when Dr. Garrett's Harvest Thanksgiving cantata was presented in a most impressive manner. Mr. Robinson can be congratulated on the progressive development of the choir under his charge, which can honestly claim to be among the best in the city at the present time. The cantata was preceded by Royce's anthem Praise the Lord, in which the solo was taken by Miss Jessie Mann of Hamilton. The tenor solo in the cantata was sung by Mr. Adam Dockray, who sang with excellent effect throughout. Orchard's Evening Service was

also rendered during the earlier part of the evening.

The London Musical News in a recent number speaks of the "glorious musical traditions" of Leipzig and declares that these "traditions extend in unbroken brilliancy from the time of Bach to our own day." This honest confession in a journal which seems to be the mouthpiece of an amusing coterie of anti-Wagnerites and Germano-phobists in London and elsewhere, will not be relished by those of its Toronto readers who have from time to time contended that since Mendelssohn's death no good has come out of the old Saxon town on the Pleisse.

Miss Eva N. Robin, soprano soloist, has recently visited many points in Ontario, as well as Buffalo and Fort Erie, in combination with Miss Lillian Burns, elocutionist, and Master La Rue, cornetist, and has given very satisfactory entertainments and been greeted by large audiences. The press speaks very highly of Miss Robin's work.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight, who have been so successfully identified with the music of Elm street Methodist church for some years past, have resigned their positions and will, in all probability, sever their connection with the choir of the church within a month or two. The position of choir-director and organist have been held respectively by Mr. and Mrs. Blight for eight and thirteen years. Their resignations have not yet been accepted by the church, but I understand the decision of Mr. and Mrs. Blight is final.

The annual concert of 'Varsity Glee Club, Mr. Walter H. Robinson conductor, will be held on December 14 in Massey Hall. The club will have the assistance of the Ladies' Glee Club, under the direction of Miss Norma Reynolds, and also Mrs. Clara Barnes Holmes, contralto, of Buffalo, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street, violinist, of Toronto. The numbers to be rendered by the Glee Club, which are entirely new, will include compositions by Pinsuti, Dudley Buck, Henry Leslie and Haydn. Further assistance will be rendered by the Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club, under Mr. George Smedley's direction. The boys are sparing no effort to make their concert for this season a record-breaker.

The first of a series of Faculty Invitation Concerts in connection with the Metropolitan College of Music, Queen street west, will be held on Monday evening next at the College recital hall. Among those taking part are: The director, Mr. Lewis Browne, Herr and Madame Klingensfeld, J. Churchill Arlidge, Miss R. A. Welch, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Miss Lauretta Byrnes, Miss Katharine Birnie, Mrs. A. B. Jury, Miss Minnie Topping, Mr. H. W. Webster, Mr. Paul Hahn and Miss Henrietta Shippe.

The third organ recital of Mr. W. E. Fairclough's third series will be given this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church. Mr. Fairclough's programme has been chosen with admirable taste and includes compositions by Bach, Tours, Gailmant, (sonata op. 42), Lemmens, (Storm Fantasia, by request), and Deshayes' Grand Choeur in D. Besides these numbers Mrs. Adamson, violinist, will assist in Rheinberger's overture for violin and organ, op. 150, and will also play as a solo number Svensden's Romance for violin, op. 26. This programme should prove one of the most attractive yet presented at these sterling recitals.

I have received a prospectus of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra for 1894-95 containing a list of works it is proposed to present during the season. The orchestra will consist of over forty members and the programmes, while of a high order, will be carefully selected to suit the popular taste. Some thirty-two composers will be represented by their works in the programmes of ten or more fortnightly concerts it is proposed to give. Nearly all the most prominent writers from Bach to Wagner are included in the prospectus, a noticeable feature of which is the evidence it contains of a commendable catholicity of taste on the part of the compilers.

Mr. Wm. Reed of Montreal, one of the foremost of Canadian organists and composers, resumes his annual series of recitals this afternoon at the American Presbyterian church, Montreal. These excellent recitals have become one of the recognized institutions of our Eastern rival for musical supremacy in Canada.

A fair-sized audience attended at Mr. Frank Deane's piano recital in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Deane's programme contained several classical selections and three of his own compositions. These were interpreted with considerable expression and no small technical skill. Assistance was rendered by Mr. P. R. Wallace, whose contributions were highly appreciated, several encores being accorded him. Mr. Wallace was particularly successful in several of Chevalier's coster songs.

A very successful concert was given at the West End Y. M. C. A. on Friday evening of last week under the direction of Mr. H. M. Fletcher. The programme was furnished by the Cecilia Male Quartette, assisted by Miss Lennie James, soprano, Miss Grace Street, soprano, and Miss May Holden, elocutionist. All the participants were enthusiastically received, and the concert was pronounced one of the most excellent ever given in the hall of the West End branch.

I have received from Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co. a copy of Mr. J. Lewis Browne's Eleven Sketches for Piano, Op. 12. This work does the composer and publishers alike great credit. The sketches, which are varied in form and modern in treatment, indicate the broad character of Mr. Browne's musical sympathies and the influences exerted through a liberal study of all classes and schools of musical expression. The different selections are musical in a high degree, and thoroughly *Klaviermässig* throughout. As an example of music engraving this work is undoubtedly the finest and most artistic production ever published in Canada. The engraving would do no discredit to any of the well known German houses, and the general set-up of the publication is a triumph for the house from which it is issued.

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Social and Personal.

A quiet but very pretty wedding graced the home of Mr. O. Clark, 143 Robert street, on Thanksgiving Day, when his second daughter, Minnie M., was united in marriage to Mr. Charles S. McClelland of Peterboro'. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Griffin, while the bridesmaid and groomsmen were Miss Winifred Clark and Mr. Will McClelland. The bride looked charming in her going-away gown of brown and fawn tweed, with brown velvet trimmings and velvet bodice, and carried a loosely arranged bouquet of white roses. The house was artistically decorated with chrysanthemums and smilax, which presented a very pleasing appearance. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents, the gift of the groom being an exquisite pendant of gold in star design set in pearls and turquoises. Mr. and Mrs. McClelland left amid hearty congratulations for Buffalo and points east, and will reside in Peterboro', where both are well and favorably known.

It is proposed to assemble a large number as possible of old boys of Upper Canada College at a banquet to be held in Toronto on December 20. All old boys of the college are urgently called upon to rally round her and by their presence at the banquet to assist in showing the strength and influence of the old institution. Let them bring their friends also. It is desirable that the secretary should learn as early as possible about the number likely to be present at the banquet; it is therefore suggested that in each locality outside of Toronto two local committees be formed to ensure the success of the occasion, and to communicate with the secretary at Toronto on the subject.

Miss Nicol, one of our pretty Northern girls, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Alfred Wright, 68 Lake View avenue.

The rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir last Monday evening was enlivened by a visit from the patron of the choir, his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Captain Kirkpatrick, together with the president, Major Cosby, and Mrs. Cosby. Speeches from his Honor and Major Cosby were in order, and Mr. Vogt, the conductor, was highly congratulated upon the excellent work of the choir. The concert is fixed for January 15, when the choir will be assisted by Lillian Blauvelt, the popular soprano, and the Beethoven Trio, Messrs. Field, Klingensfeld and Ruth.

A charming Chrysanthemum party was given on Friday of last week by Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Corton at their residence, 124 Mutual street, in honor of their nieces, the Misses Weaver, and their guest, Miss Celia Spence, who is leaving for her home in Parry Sound. The pretty rooms were beautifully decorated with the Queen of Autumn, and the evening was pleasantly spent in progressive euchre and dancing. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. F. Diver, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. George Aldred, Mrs. Charles Gray, Mrs. M. B. Clemens, Miss Phillips of London, England, Miss Dow of Stratford, Misses Kerr, Palmer, Langley, Young, Horswell and Weaver, and Messrs. Stanley Phillips of London, England, Langley, Smith, Payne, Horswell, Kerr, Clemens, Watkins and E. W. Oliver.

Mr. J. W. Armstrong and Miss Laura Ethel Victoria, youngest daughter of Mr. G. W. Berry of Lucknow, were very prettily wedded at the residence of the bride's parents in that town on November 21. Chrysanthemums were the vogue and charmingly ornamented the residence, while the bride carried white and her maids yellow specimens of this gorgeous flower. The bride was dressed in ivory white faille bengaline, with veil, and wore a diamond brooch, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were: Miss Lella Berry, sister of the bride, dressed in yellow silk bengaline, trimmed with lace and moire ribbon; and Miss Adda Armstrong of Flesherton, sister of the groom, gown in yellow moire silk trimmed with lace and velvet. The bridesmaids' ornaments were silver turquoise hair pins, the gift of the bride, and pearl corsage pins, the gift of the groom. The many gifts presented to the young couple showed the esteem in which they are held, but notable among the presents was a Steinway piano from the bride's father. A brilliant assemblage of the relatives and friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, many being present from Toronto, Flesherton, Ingersoll and other towns, and I regret that stress of social matter prevents me giving a fuller account of this, one of the most charming out-of-town weddings of the month. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong will, on returning from their trip, reside in Lucknow.

The annual At Home held by Court Queen City, I. O. F., in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Friday night of last week was most successful in every way and the committee deserve credit for their praiseworthy efforts in making it the success that it was. During the early part of the evening a programme was rendered by several well known ladies and gentlemen, with speeches from Dr. Oronhyatekha, S. C. R., Dr. G. S. Ryerson, M. P. P., and others. Among those present were: Dr. Oronhyatekha, S. C. R., Hon. D. D. Aikens, S. V. C. R., of Michigan; Mr. J. A. McGillivray, supreme secretary, Dr. Wilman, supreme physician, Mr. H. A. Collins, H. C. R., Mr. J. B. Halkib, honorary secretary of Ottawa; Mr. Atwell Fleming, honorary treasurer, of London; Mr. A. H. Backus, H. C., of Aymer; Mr. W. H. Wardrobs of Hamilton, Dr. Fotheringham, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. G. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Colton, Mrs. Goddard, Miss M. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. McAllister, Mr. Irving Smith, Mr. E. K. M. Wedd, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Rose, Mr. and Mrs. E. Apter, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Child, Miss Suddard, Mr. H. Benith, Mrs. Bastedo, Miss H. Whale, Miss O'pen, Miss Rosser, Mr. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose, Miss Massey, Mr. C. E. Marsh and Miss Chatterton. The musical programme was furnished by the following ladies and gentlemen: Mrs. J. A. McGillivray, Miss Magson, Miss Swansay, Miss Bertha Adams, Mr. Walker Anderson, Mr. Alf. E. Currie, Mr. Torton, Mr. W. L. Mills, Mr. W. H. Law, and Messrs. Charles Lowden,

George Sample and S. Wharin of the Zingari String Quartette. The selections given by Miss Adams, Messrs. Currie and Anderson and the Quartette were especially enjoyed.

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ARTISTS.

Free Art Gallery

The Society of Arts of Canada, Ltd., is an institution founded to create a more general interest in art. The Society has a large free gallery in Montreal, as well as a Free Art School. They have about 150 artist members and sixty of these are exhibitors at the Paris Salon. The paintings in this gallery are sold at artists' prices, and the Society also holds a drawing weekly in which the public may take part on payment of 50 cents. Canada is too young a country to rely entirely upon sales of good paintings, and hence the privilege given to this Society to hold distributions. If a painting is not drawn the sender has the satisfaction of knowing someone else has benefited and that a taste for good paintings will be on the increase. Scripolders are entitled to purchase the paintings of the Society at 5 per cent. reduction. A postal card sent to Mr. H. A. BRAULT, 1066 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, a gentleman who has done much to advance the cause of art, will send you all information.

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Social and Personal.

A very charming and pretty scene was the dance given by Mrs. (Dr.) Mackinnon in the City Hall, Guelph, on Thanksgiving night, when her only daughter, Winnie, made her debut in society. It was also an event that will not occur often, as nine other fair debutantes were ushered in at the same time, making as lovely a group as one could desire with their new gowns and bright faces. Mrs. Mackinnon's ability as a popular hostess was evidenced by the great number of guests present, who found that everything had been done that could possibly increase their pleasure. The hall was very tastefully decorated, while the supper-room added to its beauty with quantities of roses, chrysanthemums and palms, and the menu was the most complete that has been served in the city. An orchestra played a splendid programme of twenty-four dances, and not for a moment during the evening could anyone refrain from dancing, the last one on the list finishing with a deep sigh of regret from all present that the most delightful private ball ever given was over, the charming debutantes, Miss Mackinnon, Miss Lily Nelles, and Misses Adams, Mills, Parker, Reynolds, Marcon, Walker, Thomas and Jones, especially regretting that they could not go over it once more. It would be a difficult task, with so many sweet faces and gowns, to pick out any particular one who would possibly outshine the others, but I might mention particularly a few of the fair ones who looked wonderfully well. They were: Miss Oxhead, who wore a lovely dress of salmon pink surah with steel fringe and lace trimmings; Mrs. E. Harvey, in a rich golden brown brocade with yellow puffed moire sleeves; Miss Crawford had on a very pretty white silk with old gold epaulettes heavily corded; Miss Bond's gown of lovely yellow brocade satin was very much admired; Miss Pipe, gowned in a charming old rose china silk with sleeves of green and old rose brocade, looked exceedingly well; Miss F. Hall wore a silver gray costume with shaded green trimmings; Miss Scarff, pink silk with brocade gauze drapings; Miss Patterson's entire dress was of pretty pink satin; Miss Marcon in a lovely polka dotted white silk with lace; Miss Lane looked pretty in a white silk with white lace trimmings; Mrs. Mackinnon's costume of heavy corded silk of a blue green shade was very becoming; Miss Mackinnon wore white silk trimmed with silver cord; Miss Lily Nelles looked charming in her debutante dress of white silk and white ribbons; Miss A. Mills, white silk relieved by pink rosebuds; Miss Chisholm, gowned in black silk with white scarf, was very fascinating.

About fifty of as jolly boys as could well be gotten together assembled at Harry Webb's on Tuesday evening, November 20, the occasion being the third annual dinner of the W. A. Murray & Co. Cricket Club. Major Murray occupied the chair and made an ideal chairman. After the menu had been carefully gone through, toast, song and story occupied the time until close to the midnight hour. A very pleasant event in the evening's entertainment was the presentation of cricket bats to Mr. W. F. Lancaster and Mr. J. E. Featherstonhaugh, for best batting average for the season, which were offered for competition by the

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A useful as well as ornamental present is the most acceptable at Christmastide. The above cut shows the most convenient piece of baggage yet constructed, and we are having a big run on them.

Purses, Card Cases, Dressing Cases, Pocket Books and all kinds of Leather Fancy Goods we have now in stock, suitable for Xmas trade.

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first and second vice-presidents of the club, Mr. G. W. Kennedy and Mr. J. W. Drynan, who always take a deep interest in the club's welfare. Among the many toasts honored, the toast of the Firm, who by their liberality do much to encourage the club, was honored by a rousing three times three. Songs were given by Messrs. Featherstonhaugh, Lancaster, Oxley, Borton, Harris, Griffiths, Stuttaford, Peters and Kidner. The committee of management—Messrs. Lancaster, Baker, Oxley and Kidner—deserve credit for the successful termination of the affair, which was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem.

Miss Maude Scales has returned after a long trip in the States, New York, etc., and is going to stay with Mrs. Chopitea.

Mrs. Jack King leaves on Saturday for New York for a three weeks' visit.

The Lorne Rugby Football Club At Home is already the topic among the younger folk, and a lovely evening is assured. Mr. H. Gerald

Wade, the secretary, and a very able committee composed of Messrs. F. A. Wilson, W. P. Eby, J. H. Watson, H. D. Eby, B. J. Winans, C. S. Meek, R. H. Easton, W. A. J. Hoskins, W. J. Morrison, and C. F. Somerville, are assured of a great success. The Lady Patronesses are: Mesdames Cosby, Eby, Chadwick, Phillips, Hood, Wade, Armstrong and Wallbridge.

Mr. Nassau B. Eagan, after an illness of several weeks, has left for a sojourn at Clifton Springs, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom MacIntyre have taken up their residence at 266 Bloor street west. Mrs. MacIntyre has just returned from spending a couple of months in Guelph and Peterboro.

Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Mrs. T. R. Clougher on Friday afternoon from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

An Appropriate Hymn.

The unfortunate young man had moved his hat from place to place in the pew, but always had to move it again. His pew seemed particularly popular, and there was no abiding spot for that piece of headgear, which happened to be a shining silk hat of the most approved shape. Finally, when he was tightly wedged into one corner and there seemed to be nothing for him to do but to hold the hat tenderly in his lap for the rest of the service, he had an inspiration. The pew in front was still empty. He leaned over, gently deposited his cherished head covering on the cushioned seat and gave himself up to pious reflection.

By and by the owners of that pew made a late entrance. The youth gazed at them with



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Interest. A pretty young blonde led the way, and in looking at her fair hair and blue eyes he forgot his hat. She, conscious of his gaze, blushed properly. Then she sat down, and there was a crushing, grinding sound. She shot up again, and so did the young man. And together they surveyed the ruins of that shining silk hat, while the choir vociferously sang "Cover my defenceless head."—Exchange.

Learning Rapidly.

Jennie was learning to read and spell, but it was very hard for her to remember what her teacher told her about pronouncing a double letter when she came to one. She would say "a a," or "e e," or "t t," instead of "double a" or "double e," etc. Her teacher had one day drilled her considerably on this matter in spelling. Shortly afterward, Jennie was called on to read. The paragraph began: "Up, up, Lucy," and Jennie read it triumphantly: "Double up, Lucy!"—Organizer.

Not a Stranger.

Her Father—What are your habits? Her Adorer—You ought to know, sir. I have been calling on your daughter every night for three months.

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Births.

ROBIN—Nov. 28, Mrs. Vassar Robin—a son.
WELLS—Nov. 26, Mrs. Frank Wells—a son.
MARTIN—Nov. 28, Mrs. John M. Martin—a daughter.
CARTER—Nov. 26, Mrs. E. J. Carter—a daughter.

Marriages.

HORNIBROOK—CROCKER—Nov. 28, George H. C. Hornibrook to Jennie Olive Crocker.
SILVERTHORN—COULTER—Nov. 28, Charles Silverthorn to Margie L. Coulter.

TURK—BASTEDO—At St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Toronto, on Nov. 27, by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Hon. James B. Turk of Chicago to Mrs. G. T. Bastedo of Toronto.

Deaths.

DAVIDSON—Nov. 28, Thomas Davidson, aged 75.
CRAWFORD—Nov. 27, G. C. Crawford, aged 62.
LAWFORD—Nov. 22, Charles A. S. Lawford, aged 51.
MCMACKON—Nov. 27, John T. MCMackon, aged 28.

WILKIE—Quebec, Angelique Wilkie, aged 84.
MORGAN—Nov. 24, Helen K. S. Morgan, aged 60.
HALLIDAY—Nov. 26, Veron Halliday, aged 24.

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